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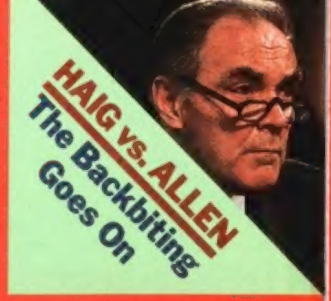

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NOVEMBER 16, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 20 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Turning up in the right place at the right time and sounding out those who make the news is a fundamental part of journalism's mandate. For 16 days last month TIME met that mandate in singular fashion as it escorted 32 top U.S. businessmen and leaders on a Newstour of Eastern Europe and the Persian Gulf. From a lunch in Warsaw with General Wojciech Jaruzelski, just after he had been named the head of Poland's Communist Party, to an hour-long question-and-answer session with Egypt's new President Hosni Mubarak, the Newstour was where the breaking news was happening.

The 17,000-mile nine-nation journey, the seventh such tour sponsored by TIME in the past 18 years, was designed to give U.S. executives a journalist's view of the personalities and issues shaping events in two critical areas of the world. Making the trip, accompanied by 16 TIME editors, correspondents and company officers, were Robert Anderson, chairman, Rockwell International Corp.; John R. Beckett, chairman, Transamerica Corp.; James F. Beré, chairman, Borg-Warner Corp.; Theodore F. Brophy, chairman, General Telephone & Electronics Corp.; Philip Caldwell, chairman, Ford Motor Co.; Albert V. Casey, chairman, American Airlines Inc.; Richard P. Cooley, chairman, Wells Fargo & Co.; Donald W. Davis, chairman, Stanley Works; Edwin D. Dodd, chairman, Owens-Illinois Inc.; Myron DuBain, chairman, Fireman's Fund Insurance Companies; Alexander Heard, chancellor, Vanderbilt University; Henry J.

Walesa takes questions at breakfast

Jaruzelski, right, explains Poland's problems

Confronting Arkhipov at session in Kremlin

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Egypt's Mubarak

The tour's first stop, after briefings in Washington, was in France, where Lech Walesa, the head of Poland's Solidarity trade union, came to Charles de Gaulle Airport for breakfast with the group. He was questioned closely about Solidarity's program for economic and political renewal. "If things were managed logically," Walesa said, "there would be a quick recovery, because labor understands what it is all about."

That morning the group flew to Gdansk, Poland, where Solidarity was born only a year ago. They learned that General Jaruzelski, the country's Premier and Defense Minister, had replaced Stanislaw Kania as party leader. The Newstour participants flew to the Polish capital the next day, where Jaruzelski admitted that "errors have been committed."

The group next spent two days in Moscow, the only stop on the trip where the official reception was distinctly and deliberately chilly—in keeping, explained the Soviet hosts, with the current state of U.S.-Soviet relations. In meetings with Soviet officials, including Georgi Arbatov, director of the Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada, and First Vice Premier Ivan Arkhipov, the Americans were lectured repeatedly that the U.S. was solely to blame for the superpower confrontation.

In Yugoslavia and Hungary, the Newstour had a chance to study two Communist nations that have pointed their economies away from the inefficient Soviet model. The group questioned managers and employees at a petrochemical plant about the Yugoslav system of "workers self-management." In Budapest, officials described their successful effort to introduce competitive market forces into a socialist economy.

Departing Eastern Europe for the Persian Gulf, the group visited Kuwait, where they were warned by Abdul Latif al Hamad, Minister of Finance and Development, that the U.S. should not be "turning its back" on Third World economic development. At the next stop, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, the Newstour was ushered into the sumptuous palace of Prince Abdullah ibn Abdul Aziz on the day the Senate in Washington was voting on the sale of AWACS planes to the Saudis. At that moment, Abdullah was the ranking member of the royal family, since his half-brother King Khalid was ill and Crown Prince Fahd was out of the country. Abdullah's unexpected and outspoken message was that he actually hoped the AWACS sale would be disapproved, so that the American people would realize "U.S. policy is being made from Tel Aviv." The group subsequently traveled by Royal Saudi Air Force C-130 transport 230 miles north to Jubail to see a new $80 billion industrial city rising from the desert sand—the largest civil-engineering project in history.

At the next stop, in the pro-Western sultanate of Oman, the Newstour took an even more unorthodox plane ride. An Omani air force passenger jet gave the visitors a closeup look at the Strait of Hormuz, the vulnerable choke point of the tanker lanes to and from the Persian Gulf. The jet skimmed along a few hundred feet above the water as it made two passes at a Soviet patrol boat so that passengers could get a close look.

The final evening, the Newstour was received by the ruler of Oman, Sultan Qaboos bin Said, at a garden party on the grounds of his lavish palace. The Sultan and his ministers circulated among the guests, discussing regional security and the Middle East peace process with candor—and sympathy for the U.S. position.

After leaving Oman at dawn, the homeward-bound group stopped in Cairo for its meeting with President Mubarak, who had succeeded the assassinated Anwar Sadat only three weeks before. Mubarak stressed his determination to rebuild relations with his estranged Arab brothers, and appealed for more U.S. investment in Egypt's troubled economy.

The Newstour changed some long-held preconceptions. Firestone's Nevin found himself surprised at "the diversity of the four Communist countries. I had thought of them as much more monolithic." Inter-Continental Hotels' Sheeline said, "We're always told that Arabs are all brothers, with one point of view. But they have totally different points of view on many issues." The participants came away deeply concerned about the difficulties the U.S. faces. John Beckett of Transamerica deplored the lack of a "decent export policy." Former Diplomat Sol Linowitz recommended that the U.S. "get its priorities about the Soviet Union reorganized." Summed up IBM's Watson: "It's pretty hard to sell democracy. While Soviet ideas are very hollow, they can be sold very quickly to people who have nothing more than camels and goats."

Arbatov, right, tells how Moscow sees it

Getting the word from a Yugoslav leader

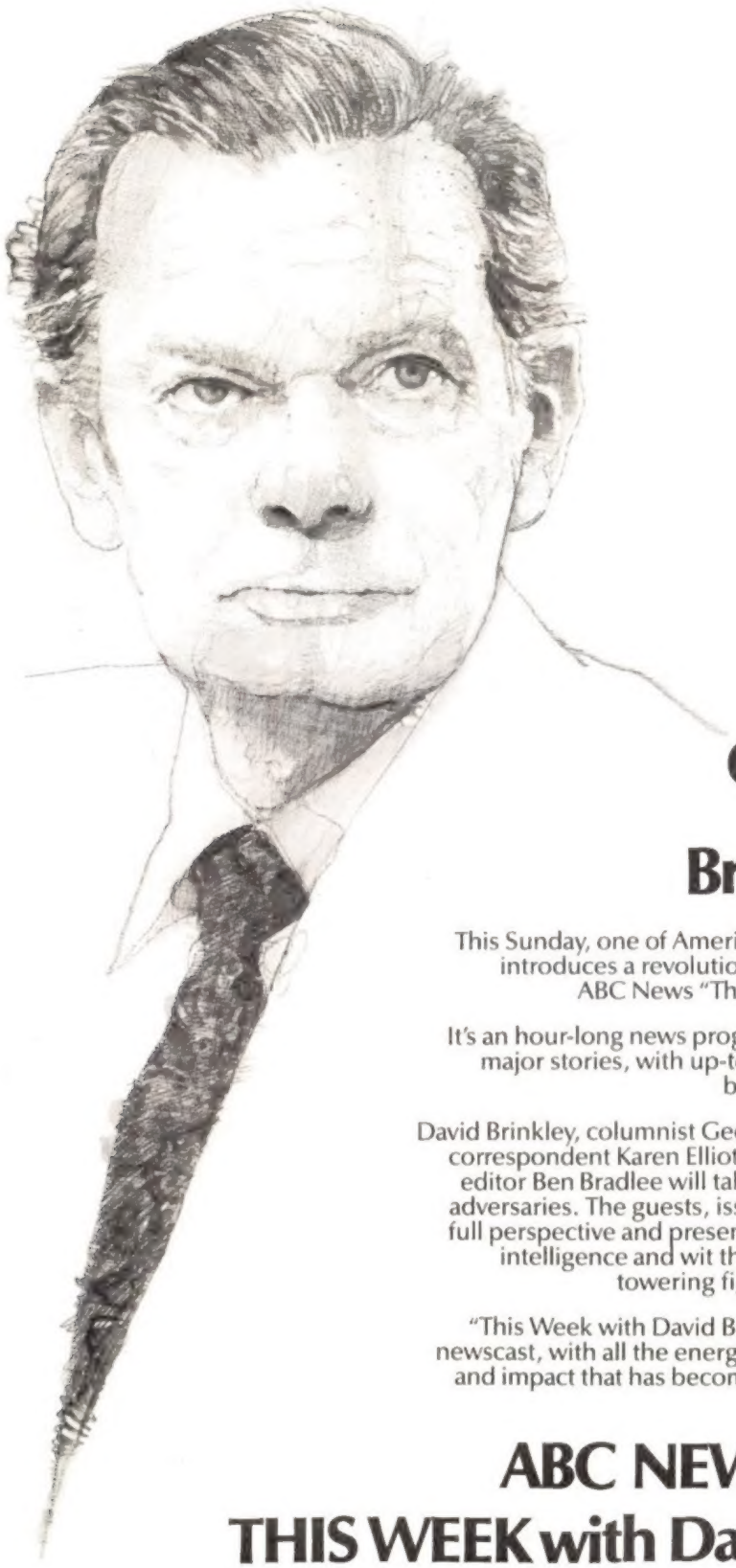
Small talk before a Saudi tent supper

Oman's Sultan Qaboos

■ ■ ■

Bound into the centerfold of this week's issue is Waldenbooks' 32-page holiday gift catalogue, the largest single-product ad ever to appear in a national consumer magazine. The four-color catalogue features 364 hard-cover books, paperbacks and calendars. TIME's only larger insert was a corporate ad for Gulf & Western in 1979, a 64-page annual report.

John a. Meyers



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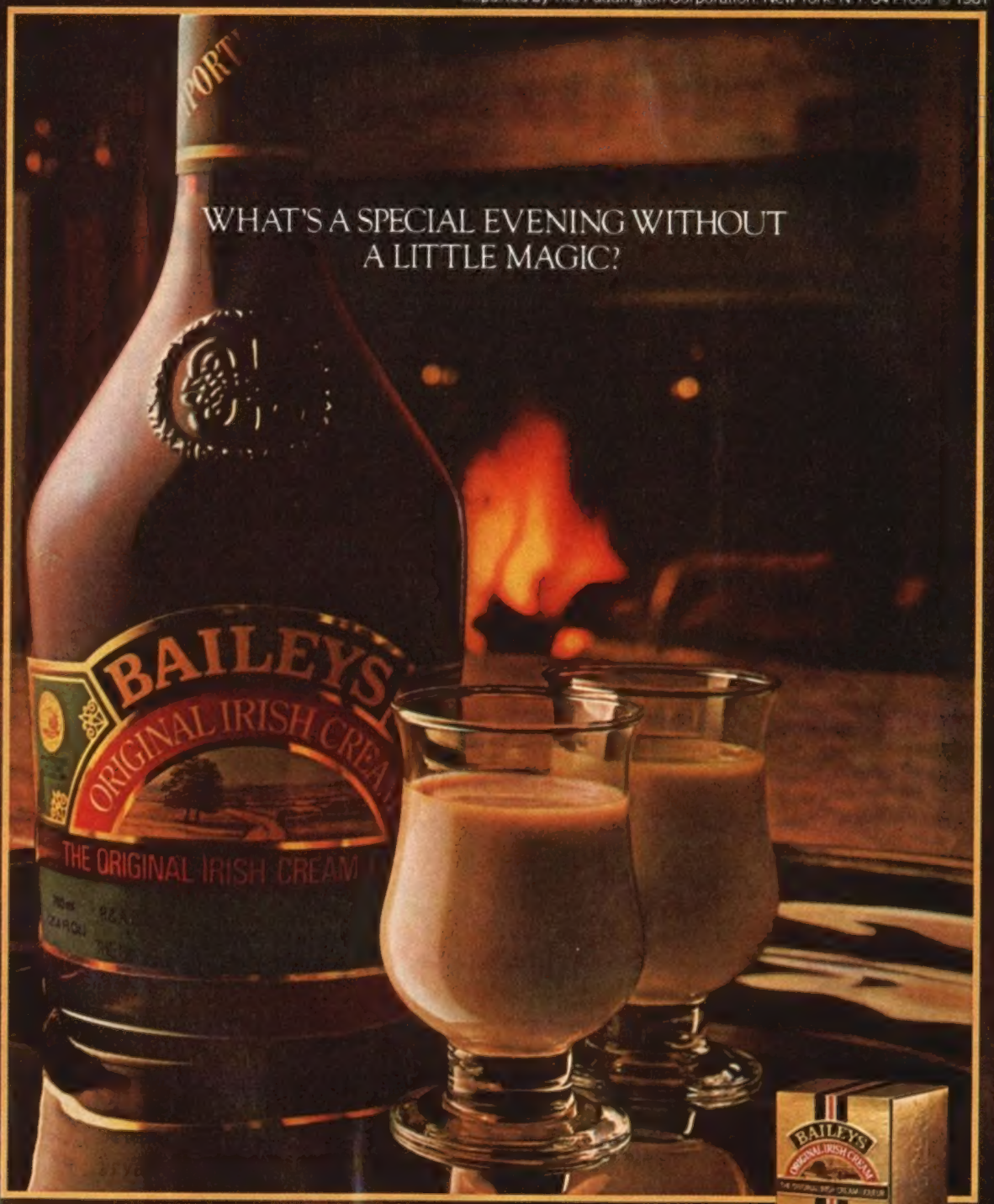

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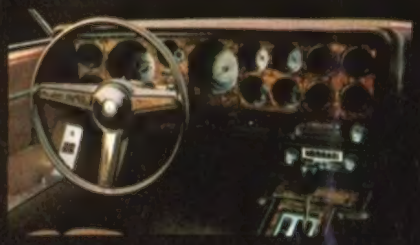

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EXCITEMENT BEGINS

Selling Arms

To the Editors:

"Arming the World" [Oct. 26] brought into sharper focus the terrible dilemma we face. Which is better—to curtail arms sales to Third World powers and increase their vulnerability or to arm everyone to the hilt and wait for mutual annihilation? I do not see much to cheer about in either camp.

F. Gerald Tomlin Jr.
Dallas

It is not the possession of weapons that impels countries to fight with one another, but causes, real or fanciful, that motivate nations to acquire the arms for war. Limited weapons did not prevent Hannibal from killing as many Romans in a single battle (Cannae) as the U.S. lost in seven years of Viet Nam fighting, nor did it stop the genocidal acts of Genghis Khan.

History proves that while men with guns kill, those without arms or with inferior weapons die. Common sense dictates that we and our allies stay well armed.

William R. Hawkins
Blacksburg, Va.

The arms trade has grown frighteningly immense. After attending the Paris air show this spring, I can still hear the

public address system proudly announcing, "These planes have been ordered by Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, etc., etc., etc." Unbelievable!

Eugène B. Farber
Paris

The pictures of children with automatic weapons offer a depressing comment about today's civilization. What a lethal legacy our age of technology has left these youths.

Catherine Chatas
Royal Oak, Mich.

Nixing Nuclear Power

Your article on the current difficulties in the atomic power industry [Oct. 26] was written from the wrong point of view. The slowdown in construction of nuclear plants is cause for rejoicing. Instead of lamenting the industry's gloomy future, you might have praised Americans for their effective conservation efforts. Conservation poses no health threat and is, evidently, helping to eradicate one: nuclear power.

Lynn Walter
Norwich, Conn.

If President Reagan and the Atomic Industrial Forum are so convinced of the safety and desirability of atomic energy, they should urge immediate repeal of the Price-Anderson Act of 1957. This legislation limits the liability of utility companies using nuclear power plants to $500 million in case of a catastrophic accident.

Repeal of this law would signal business's willingness to assume full financial consequences for a mishap, and so would enable it to "put its money where its mouth is." It would also be a sign that the industry is ready to make it on its own without this federally subsidized insurance.

Stacia Brownjohn
Whitestone, N.Y.

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Terry Robards
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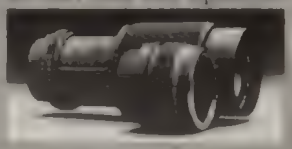

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Letters

Recent accounts of the death of nuclear power are premature. The laws of nuclear physics exist. They cannot be suspended or amended. Consequently, those laws and their byproduct, nuclear power, are beyond legislative fiat. The technology is still in its infancy, with all of the attendant promise of a baby.

Marco J. De Marco
Denver

Saving on Space

Your article "Clouds over the Cosmos" [Oct. 26] illustrates the Reagan Administration's lack of vision. Cancellation of the program of planetary exploration will cost the U.S. its prestige, its leadership in space, the tremendous resources of the solar system and, in the long run, money. The space program more than pays for itself in new technology.

Harold W. Fairchild Jr.
Baltimore

No probe to Halley's comet? No solar polar mission? No Venus probe, no Galileo project for Jupiter, no deep-space network? Will future generations look back to say, "The 20th century? Oh, that was when they smoked pot and built atom bombs." Or will they say, "The 20th century? That's when they opened up the universe for us."

Tom Kane
Farmington, Me.

Source of Gossip

No sin is given as much lip service as gossip [Oct. 26], probably because it deals with basic human needs. Everyone knows that the gossiper loves the attention; as for the subject, Oscar Wilde summed him up neatly: "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

Fred R. Pfister
Branson, Mo.

Talking about the lives of other people directs judgment away from the talebearer while he is enjoying personal participation. In everyday life, gossip provides easy social interaction and just a tinge of intimacy.

Diana Sundeen
Shrewsbury, Mass.

You say that gossip is usually an instrument with which people unconsciously evaluate moral contexts. That's bunk. Gossip is a conscious act and should be described as a socially acceptable form of aggression.

Peter J. Belch
California, Pa.

Men being bitchy, gossiping? You jest. We never gossip. We merely exchange useful information.

James I. Campbell
Seneca Falls, N.Y.

Samurai Success

Your article about American businessmen reading Miyamoto Musashi [Oct. 19] shows how little Americans know about Japan. The "secret" of Japan's success is rooted not in the ways of the warrior but in planning by government and industry, patient investing and diligence on the part of management and labor. In the U.S., ideological dogmatism undercuts the first, impetuousness the second and sloth the third. Take a tip from 20th century Japanese businessmen, not from 17th century warriors.

Winston Davis
Nishinomiya, Japan

You missed the essence of Musashi's philosophy. He advocates clearing the mind of thoughts of life and death so that the fencer can concentrate on strategies that become spontaneous. Similarly, Japanese businessmen forgo short-term profit so that they can concentrate on product perfection, long-term maneuvers and economic victory. We read the book some time ago, and have found the principles most effective in representing our Japanese clients in the U.S. market.

Roger B. Hawkins
Hawks/Hawkins Advertising
Irvine, Calif.

Smuggled Scriptures

Your report on efforts to smuggle Bibles into mainland China [Oct. 19] reveals incredible insensitivity and lack of understanding regarding the visible reemergence of Christianity there. If Chinese ships attempted to run goods of any type—including Bibles—onto the coast of California, I have no doubt that most American political and religious leaders would be quite justifiably "rankled."

Western Christian missions like Brother Andrew International show callous disregard for the desire of Chinese Christians to be self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating. Ironically, they pose a far greater threat to the future of Christianity in China than does the present Chinese government.

Spurgeon M. Dunnam III, Editor
The United Methodist Reporter
Dallas

Kirkpatrick's Missive

U.N. Ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick's brusque defense of the U.S. [Oct. 26] indicates her understanding of the United Nations. As currently structured, the U.N. essentially serves one role: a forum for nations to express their anger and frustration. The U.S. should not be denied this privilege.

Patrick C. O'Reilly
Stanford, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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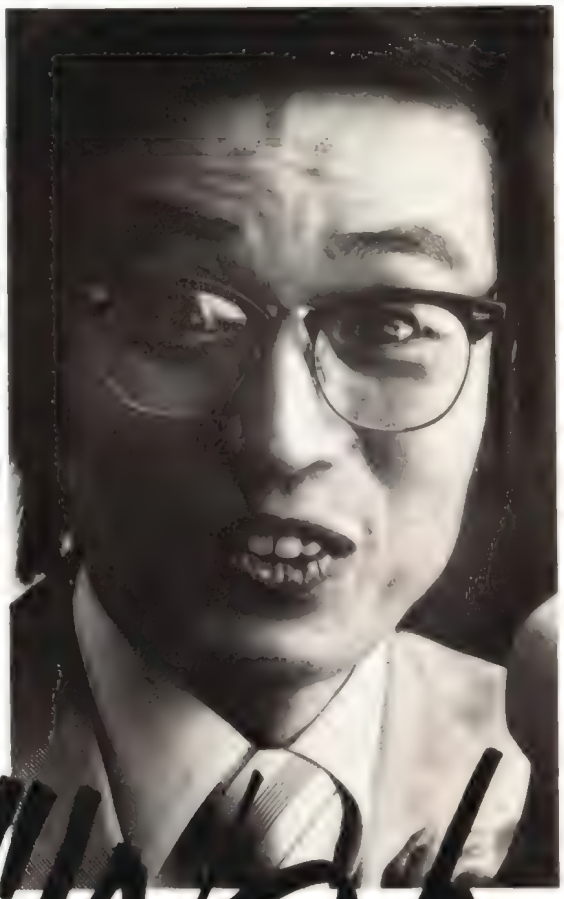

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MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Men and their gold: The growing trend to masculine adornment.

In the fading hour of a summer afternoon, a tennis star hammers out his match-winning volley. The arms go up, the racquet is flung to the sky and as the television cameras move in to capture the scene in close-up and, as tens of millions watch, a bright glint flares from the 14-Karat gold chain he is wearing around his neck.

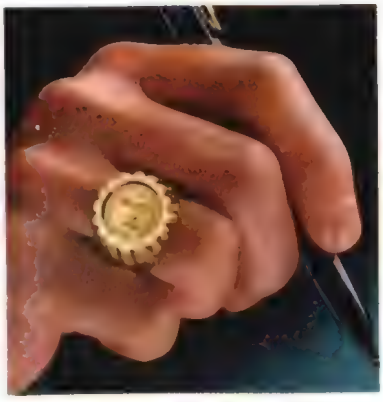
It is probable that only a fraction of the audience actually noticed this last part but, repeated thousands of times in thousands of sporting events, it does begin to register on the mind and it is the kind of thing that starts trends.

Spurred by its popularity among athletes, entertainers and other male role-models, Karat Gold Jewelry, long considered a province of the distaff side, is rapidly being seen as an elegant way to express masculinity.

Exactly when this trend started is not clear and the strength of this new affinity has not yet been measured, but retail jewelers do report substantial increases in sales over previous years and a nationwide survey by a prominent men's magazine has found that over fifty percent of its readers now favor the wearing of jewelry.

Currently the pieces most preferred by men are neck chains and rings, followed by watches and, in many cases, the newly popular gold coin jewelry. Pendants and ID bracelets are also much admired and many jewelers see a good potential for cuff links.

The psychology behind the phenomenon is still to be fully explained; some articles allude to a "self" syndrome, about which much has been written in recent years; others suggest a simpler "macho" motivation popularized in part by the current Cinema. Leaving this obviously complex analysis to some future psychologist, it can be noted that this appears to be a trend within a trend; the market for men's personal grooming products has grown tremendously, reaching over $1.5 billion in 1980, with at least half going to product categories that hardly existed before. The wearing of gold jewelry by men, now widely accepted in business as well as in most levels of society, is certainly a part of this movement.



There is, of course, a historical dimension that should also be mentioned. There have been periods in the past in which gold jewelry for men has been popular. Centuries ago, it was almost exclusively reserved for men, and turning to a more recent era, most Americans can still remember a grandfather or great-grandfather who treasured his gold watch chain or tie pin. Gold's lure, and man's affinity for it, though varying in degrees through the ages, are unquestionably eternal.

Finally, as a generation grown up largely in beads and blue jeans turns to gold and worsteds, one marvels at the degree of commitment to this new fashion on the part of some of the trend setters themselves. Observing the frequent change of pitchers in close-up on television in a recent All-Star baseball game was almost like watching a gold chain fashion show. Meanwhile, major league basketball, a more contact-intensive sport, has even had to prohibit the wearing of jewelry among its players to prevent injuries. Still, at least one player has already threatened to defy this; he plans to wear his ankle bracelets under his socks.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to The Gold Information Center, Dept. T21, P.O. Box 934, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Frightened by a helicopter overhead, wild horses funnel into a steel trap in the Piceance Basin

American Scene

In Colorado: Chasing the Mustangs

The narrow gully bakes like an oven in the fall sun, and the canyon that engulfs it is silent, save for an occasional magpie's cry. Under a juniper, two cowboys hunch for shade and wait for a signal.

The faint whine of a helicopter peals from the north. The two-way radio crackles to life: "We're two miles out, coming in with seven horses." That sends Tracy Robison, 16, leaping onto a sorrel mount. He wedges the horse behind a mound of sagebrush and keeps as still as he can. Gil Crawford, 58, dives for cover behind an embankment, grabbing a yellow rope that will release the trap gate on the quarry.

Far up the canyon, the red-and-white chopper hovers into view. Right ahead of it, seven majestic mustangs pirouette across a low ridge, chest-high in the sage, kicking contrails of acrid dust in their wake. It is their last moment of freedom. An airborne chase that began miles and ridges ago is about to end.

Pilot Jim Biggs nudges the stick forward and drops another 50 ft. to goose his prey. The fierce blast of noise and dust sends the horses galloping down a yard-wide path that leads smack into a steel-fenced pen. Just as they reach the gully, Robison digs two silver spurs into his sorrel and charges in behind them. Now the old mare at the head of the pack realizes her mistake. She frantically tries to turn but is swept along by the others.

"Gate!" screams the rider, as the horses enter the enclosure. Crawford releases the rope, but the gate is jammed and does not close. The pack wheels and madly bolts for the 6-ft.-wide opening. But Robison and his mount block the way. He grabs the hulking steel frame and yanks it shut behind the wild bunch. Confined for the first time, the mustangs bellow with anger. In his fury, an aging stallion throws himself against the steel grating, opening a gash across his forehead.

These are the modern-day mongrels of the range. They bear little kinship with the untamed steeds of frontier America, which traced their lineage to the 16th century ponies of the conquistadors. These are the great nephews and cousins, long inbred, many of them descended from domesticated animals turned loose in the 1930s, when forage was scarce on the Dust Bowl plains. They are being stalked here in Colorado's Piceance Basin and other states because they have been adjudged a peril to the Western range. Since 1971, when free-roaming horses were put under tight federal protection, they have been multiplying with Malthusian consequences, gobbling up valuable sheep and cattle forage and leaving the range threadbare. Complains Colorado Rancher Dean Burke: "The wild horse is a pest. He has been eating us out of house and home."

The Bureau of Land Management estimates that there are upwards of 70,000 horses and burros loose in the West, perhaps a third more than the land can handle. For that reason, the BLM stages periodic roundups and puts the trapped horses up for public adoption. Dale Crawford, 53, an Oregonian who runs down horses for a living, has outbid—at $58 a head—a passel of others for the right to thin the Piceance herd from 346 horses to 166. Along with his wife Shirley, 52, and brother Gil, Crawford has spent hours in the garage perfecting the labyrinthine steel pen. He has spent another two days airborne over Yellow Creek, scouting the precise

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American Scene

location to erect it. Crawford chooses a gully at the confluence of three trails near a favorite watering spot. His crew toils for a day under a blistering sun erecting the 10-ft.-high cage, securing it with iron stanchions and braces of lodgepole pine, and camouflaging its sides with sage and chimisa bush.

Finding the quarry in this 100,000-acre expanse requires sharp eyes and unflagging concentration. From the air, both the horses and the forest appear gray. The chopper darts up ridges and down canyons until Crawford, in the copilot's seat, spots a band of bobbing heads in a grove of cedars. The men use their craft as an earthbound cowboy uses his horse at roundup time, circling and feinting and cutting off lines of escape. Biggs sets the rotor low and at the mustangs' tails. When they break again, the copter sets down, Crawford leaps out and waves them back on the trail.

On a second foray, the men light upon five more mustangs picking at strands of Indian rice grass in a boulder-strewn ravine. They manage to move the pack to a clearing but the lead stallion refuses to cooperate. He attempts to bring the others back downhill. Crawford gets the horses moving and then sweeps in suddenly at tree level, splitting off the leader and chasing him down a gully. Quickly he gets the other four moving toward the trap. Better to lose one than the pack.

Even in confinement, the horses refuse to give up easily. They stomp and batter at the grating, and resist every effort to trailer them to a larger enclosure. Robison must cut off the colts from their mothers for the trip to the adoption distribution center. One young upstart sends him flying against the fence, and it takes his best hammerlock to wrestle him down.

More than 22,000 horses and burros have been corralled over the past nine years, but no one is overly happy with the program. The BLM spends more than $300 to corral a horse, yet recoups only a fraction of that in adoption fees, which average $80. About 3% of the horses cannot be placed, and federal law requires that these be returned to the range or shot. Few Piceance Basin horses will meet this fate; most of them are strong, healthy and trainable, and will be snatched up fast.

Dale Crawford will clear $11 on each of the horses he brings in, not much profit for a month of grueling work. He has written to President Reagan, as he did to Jimmy Carter, suggesting a partial return to the days of old, when hunters could stalk horses and sell them to meat factories. "As it is," he says, "thousands of taxpayers' dollars are being poured down the drain." But out on the Colorado range, matching wits and stamina with the proud mustangs, the bottom line seems a faraway concern. "The excitement of bringing those horses in," says Crawford, "is worth more than all the money."

—By Richard Woodbury

David R. Wilson
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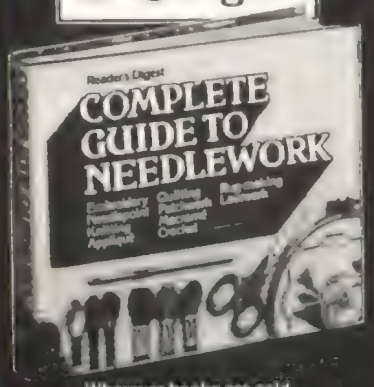

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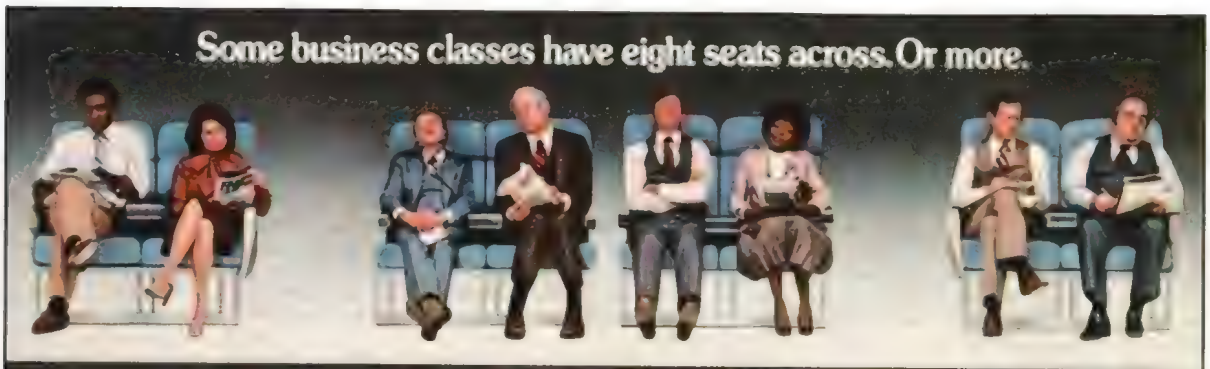

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TIME NOVEMBER 16, 1981

Fighting the Backbiting

Once more—with bad feeling—there is squabbling over U.S. foreign policy

Just when Alexander Haig thought it was safe to go back into the water, with the internecine foreign policy disputes that have characterized his tenure seemingly flushed away by the Administration's victory on the sale of AWACS planes to Saudi Arabia, the Secretary of State once again felt the chill of sharks in the White House out to get him. Though only their dorsal fins were visible, it was generally assumed that lurking beneath the surface of rumor and innuendo was Haig's natural adversary, National Security Adviser Richard Allen. The two have had their differences in the past, but a new and uncommonly vicious outbreak of backbiting last week showed just how debilitating such a feud can be, to the participants and to the consistency and credibility of U.S. foreign policy.

The dance of the incisors occurred at a time when the Administration was being encircled by problems that threatened Reagan's reputation as an executive. Yet he and his chief aides were forced to spend precious time quelling the controversy. The episode began when White House Staff Director David Gergen saw an advance copy of a column by Jack Anderson. Administration sources, Anderson wrote, said that Haig "has one foot on a banana peel" and might fall soon. Gergen called Haig, who called Anderson. The rumors, the Secretary of State told the columnist, were the work of a top White House aide who has been running a "guerrilla campaign" against him that was tantamount to a "sabotage of the President."

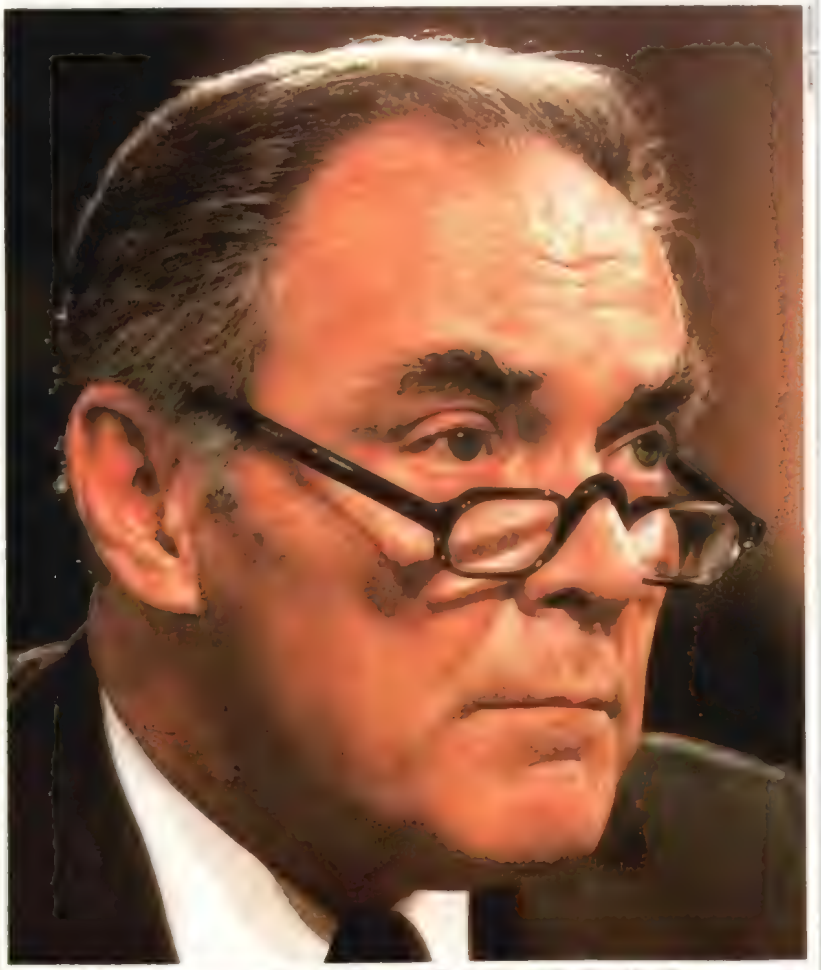
Haig also called Reagan at Camp David, who was sent a copy of the unpublished column. Reagan, already irritated by the continuing talk of intramural dissent, became even angrier. He called Anderson himself. "We haven't had a Secretary who was so well thought of in years," the President said. The tempest became public when Anderson published a revised column that included all of the top-level protestations.

Allen responded that he was not the subject of Haig's accusation, even though he has been known to make an occasional caustic remark about the Secretary of State. "As a matter of fact, Haig called me to say that he knows it's not me," said Allen. Chief of Staff James Baker, one of Haig's prime suspects, similarly denied being the culprit. Said Baker: "Someone led him to believe that I was the source of the rumor that he would be fired. We cleared that up." So who is it? "I don't know," said Allen; "my solution is polygraphs at 30 paces. Wait! I'm only kidding."

In fact, there is probably no single individual intent on sabotaging the Secretary. Rather, there is a general feeling at the White House that Haig, a complex and emotional man who tensely guards his prerogatives, has trouble being the type of amiable team player that Reagan likes to have around. Haig's aides agree that the Secretary harbors a pent-up frustration toward Reagan's top advisers, who lack foreign policy expertise and often constrain his actions. In a recent outburst to three of his close aides, Haig declared that the White House is a "rain barrel" of reverberating noise and that he is the only official prepared for action.

Haig may have a point there. Officials at the White House and State seem to spend more time dispensing nasty rumors about each other than they devote to policy. For a month, reports have had either Haig or Allen, or both, about to be fired, and others moved. Reagan was reduced to blaming those who published the gossip rather than trying to throttle the original sources.

Reagan last week finally called Haig and Allen to a private chat in the Oval Of-



Haig saw a "guerrilla campaign" against him and a "sabotage of the President"

The White House is a "rain barrel" of reverberating noise, and only he is ready to act

fice. The President firmly lectured the two adversaries for an hour, insisting that the bickering must stop. It was a disservice to him and the country, he said, and the two top players must control themselves and their staffs. Haig and Allen promised to keep each other better informed of their thoughts and intentions, to "roundtable" policy options, as Reagan likes to put it.

While Haig was moving toward a truce with Allen and the White House, the Secretary of State inadvertently opened a new skirmish with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, with whom he has clashed before. Haig was appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to explain the Administration's $180 billion plan to upgrade the U.S. nuclear arsenal. He remarked that NATO contingency plans include the option "to fire a nuclear weapon for demonstrative purposes" to deter a massive conventional-force Soviet thrust into Europe. Haig did not say where this warning shot would be detonated. His point, mainly lost in the ensuing response among skittish European allies, was that the U.S. would attempt to contain any future European conflict at the lowest possible level. The following day, Weinberger went before the same committee and directly contradicted Haig's warning-shot-across-the-bow doctrine. Something of the sort had been suggested in the 1960s, he said, but had never become NATO policy. Said Weinberger: "There is nothing in any plan that I know of that contains anything remotely resembling that, nor should it."

In fact, NATO's European defense strategy has long been based on the assumption that the allies might not counter a full-scale conventional attack by the Soviets, and thus must depend on a possible nuclear response as a deterrent. That is not, however, an issue the Administration wants to see publicly debated, particularly by members of its own Cabinet. The White House and the Pentagon issued a statement papering over the disagreement, but it did little to erase the impression of disarray among Administration policymakers.

The Secretary also reopened an old disagreement with the Pentagon over the proper U.S. role in El Salvador. Haig wants increased U.S. military aid to the government of José Napoleón Duarte, which is stalemated in its war against leftist insurgents. The Secretary indicated that he was considering military steps, perhaps including naval action, to halt the flow of arms to the rebels from Cuba and Nicaragua. In what several Administration officials call "an inversion of roles," Weinberger and his Pentagon aides have opposed Haig's State Department on that question, arguing that U.S. military involvement in El Salvador would be ineffective and ultimately dangerous.

Haig also found himself leading the Administration away from its longstanding position that human rights should be de-emphasized as a factor in foreign policy. Last week it was disclosed that he has approved a State Department memorandum asserting that the U.S. must take a strong stand on political freedom and domestic political rights in order to present a moral alternative to the Soviet Union. The Administration's previous attitude on human rights was illustrated by the nomination of Ernest Lefever, a right-wing ideologue who had sharply criticized the Carter Administration for emphasizing human rights in its foreign policy, to be Assistant Secretary for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. Ever since Lefever was rejected by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on June 5, the post has remained unfilled. A more moderate candidate has now been nominated: Elliott Abrams, 33, a former aide to Democratic Senators Henry Jackson and Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Last week's family quarreling probably confirmed the impression among U.S. allies and enemies alike that the Reagan Administration's policymaking apparatus suffers from inconsistency, drift and disarray. That is a curious failing for a President pledged to end the inconsistency, drift and disarray that marked his predecessor's actions in the world. The Administration's China policy, for instance, is on the verge of unraveling because of Peking's opposition to the possible sale of new weapons and fighter jets to Taiwan. Talks with the Soviets on limiting the deployment of so-called Theater Nuclear Weapons in Europe are due to begin this month. But the Administration has so far not worked out a policy for the talks.

Part of the problem is that fissures among Reagan's policymakers have gone unattended while the President concentrated on getting his tax and spending cuts through Congress. So far Reagan has not shown the inclination to deal with the complexities of foreign affairs personally. Nor has his top policy counsellor, Edwin Meese, stepped in to fill the void. But the White House needs more than a keener interest in foreign affairs, essential as that is. Reagan's benign style of management has allowed what should have been showers to turn into tornadoes. He and Meese could have spared themselves, and the country, a good deal of trouble if they had laid down the law much earlier and firmly insisted that those who make diplomacy practice it among themselves. ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington***

Though known to make a caustic remark or two, Allen insisted he was not out to get Haig

"My solution is polygraphs at 30 paces. Wait! I'm only kidding."

The President welcoming King Hussein of Jordan at the start of a four-day visit to Washington

At Odds with Nearly Everybody

After AWACS vote, the Administration is adrift in the Mideast

They want to be pro-Arab and pro-Israel, for Prince Fahd's peace plan and for Camp David; they want to avoid alienating [Jordan's King] Hussein but still stay anti-P.L.O. I wish them luck in making that miracle work

That was the impression of Ronald Reagan's Middle East policy that one American Jewish leader drew from briefings of his colleagues by White House aides and State Department officials last week. The Administration might quarrel with portions of his description, but in spirit it was accurate enough. Seeking to balance conflicting pressure from Israelis, Arabs and European allies in the wake of winning Senate approval for the sale of AWACS radar planes to Saudi Arabia, the Administration found itself at odds with nearly everybody. Luck most certainly will be needed to avoid provoking even more anger, and the President and his aides did not have much luck last week.

There were a few positive developments, notably indications of a renewed Israeli effort to accelerate negotiations with Egypt toward finding some form of autonomy for Palestinians in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. But any hopeful signs were overshadowed by a vituperative Israeli blast against the Administration's friends in Riyadh and by tough talk from the newly outspoken Saudis, who went so far as to suggest bringing the Soviet Union into Middle East diplomacy. Even Reagan's success in forging a warm, personal relationship with Hussein was less cheering than it might be: at the end of a visit to Washington, the Jordanian King surprised his host by disclosing that he had agreed to buy SA-6 antiaircraft missiles from the Soviets. Altogether, the week's news reinforced an impression that the Administration is improvising day to day in Middle East diplomacy rather than following a careful strategy. Said one American lobbyist for Israel, alluding to U.S. efforts to build a radar-eluding airplane: "Reagan's Middle East policy is like the Stealth—you can't see it or hear it, but it sure bombs a lot."

The focus of much of the trouble was the eight-point plan put forward in August by Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd. The plan envisions creation of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, with predominantly Arab East Jerusalem as its capital. But the plan also hints at recognition of Israel's right to exist, and that has belatedly aroused Washington's interest.

In the first flush of euphoria after his AWACS victory, Reagan asserted that "we couldn't agree with all the points, nor could the Israelis," but nonetheless called the Fahd plan "a beginning point for negotiations." He elaborated later: "The most significant part is that they [the Saudis] recognize Israel as a nation to be negotiated with."

Those remarks only intensified Israeli fears that the AWACS sale confirms a swing of U.S. diplomatic support away from Israel toward the Arabs. Opening the winter session of Israel's parliament, the Knesset, Prime Minister Menachem Begin assailed Saudi Arabia as "the petrodollar desert kingdom where the darkness of the Middle Ages reigns, with the cutting off of hands and heads, with a corruption that cries out to high heaven." The Fahd plan, said Begin, is merely "a plan designed for Israel's liquidation." He added: "Those eight points cannot serve as any basis for any discussion whatsoever." Begin's essential objections are that the Fahd plan does not really recognize Israel's right to exist, and that an independent Palestinian state would be dominated by the Palestine Liberation Organization, which Israelis view as a terrorist gang bent on the destruction of the Jewish state.

As a sign of displeasure, Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon postponed a planned visit to the U.S. to discuss "strategic cooperation" between America and Israel. Later, Sharon agreed to go after all at the end of this month, but in opening a new Jewish settlement on the West Bank, he declared: "Our answer to the eight [Fahd] points is eight new Israeli settlements." Israeli Ambassador Ephraim Evron lodged a protest in Washington against U.S. praise for the Fahd plan, and Begin followed up by announcing plans to send a bipartisan Israeli delegation, representing both his own Likud bloc and the opposition alignment led by the Labor Party, to the U.S. to lobby against it.

The Reagan Administration hastened to reassure the Israelis that it was not endorsing the Fahd plan, merely looking for a way to involve Arab states other than Egypt in peace negotiations with Israel. The U.S., officials said, remains committed to the peace process laid down in the Egyptian-Israeli accords reached at Camp David in 1978. Secretary of State Alexander Haig broadcast that message in testimony to Congress, in a meeting with leaders of the United Jewish Appeal and in a letter to Begin. One Administration official conceded that Reagan had "badly miscalculated" in mentioning the Fahd plan publicly. But a senior Reagan aide added: "It is unreasonable for anyone to expect us to say that if there is no progress in pursuing the Camp David accords, we will never ever think of anything else. That's sort of crazy."

The Saudis did nothing to help the Administration reassure the Israelis. Officials in Riyadh talked as if they were intent on confirming Begin's darkest suspicions. Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal asserted that the Fahd plan implied that recognition of Israel's right to exist might not come until after creation of a Palestinian state, and Fahd added that such a state would indeed be run by the P.L.O. Said Fahd: "I cannot imagine

Nancy Reagan and American-born Queen Nur

Why is American policy like the Stealth?

an independent Palestinian state without the P.L.O.'s approval and leadership." Worse still, from the U.S. viewpoint, Foreign Minister Saud declared that the proper forum for negotiating an Arab-Israeli settlement would be the United Nations Security Council, in which the Soviets participate, and he predicted that the Soviets will give the Fahd plan their support.

How much weight should be given to these Saudi statements is problematic. The Saudis have no diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. and have often denounced Communism as "godless." They may merely be trying to win a consensus in favor of the Fahd plan from pro-Soviet states at an Arab summit scheduled to convene in Fez, Morocco, on Nov. 25. Says one European diplomat in Beirut: "The Saudis want Syrian and, if possible, Libyan support, and they want Washington to realize that America is not running the only game in town. So even though they still fear the Soviets, they find it useful to mention them." Whatever the Saudi game, the Reagan Administration sold the AWACS deal partly as a way of enlisting Saudi support in a "strategic consensus" against Soviet penetration of the Middle East. Saudi talk of involving Moscow in the diplomacy of the area is just about the last thing Washington needs.

The Reagan Administration could take no comfort, either, from the outcome of a visit to Riyadh last week by British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington. Speaking for the Council of Ministers of the European Community, of which he currently is president, Carrington reportedly expressed some reservations about the Fahd plan. But he also was said to have agreed that nothing more can be expected from the Camp David process after Israel's scheduled withdrawal from the last portion of the Sinai Peninsula next April, and that the Palestinians must be brought into negotiations with Israel. Haig at week's end protested those remarks to the British government. The Secretary of State said he had urged Lord Carrington to "cool it."

In trouble with Israel, the Saudis and its European allies, the Reagan Administration eagerly welcomed Hussein on a state visit to Washington early last week. American Administrations have long viewed Jordan as being among the most moderate of Arab states, and have been eager to involve it in negotiations with Israel. Reagan in last fall's campaign called Jordan "the key" to peace in the Middle East, since the West Bank had been ruled by Jordan before the Israelis conquered it during the Six-Day War of 1967.

Reagan and Hussein seemed to get along well, and the Jordanian King pronounced himself "more reassured" than after any of his many previous visits to Washington. (He first came to the U.S. during the Eisenhower Administration, and has now conferred with six U.S. Presidents.) Hussein's young American-born wife, Queen Nur, the former Lisa Halaby, and Nancy Reagan also posed amiably for pictures. But little of substance was accomplished. Hussein politely but firmly repeated his refusal to join in the Camp David process, called the Fahd plan "worthy of consideration," and insisted that the P.L.O. ought to be brought into any negotiations with Israel. His announcement that he had agreed to buy ground-to-air missiles from the Soviets was an especially startling setback for U.S. officials, who knew that Hussein had been talking to Moscow, but had no inkling that such a deal had actually been concluded.

Hussein's action is probably the result of his impatience with the U.S., which has hesitated to provide Jordan with weapons to counter an ominous military buildup by its pro-Soviet neighbor, Syria. Even so, Washington must now cope with a Soviet effort to court both Syria and Jordan. Jordan's arms buying in Moscow, growled one senior State Department official, "will clearly complicate our relationship in the defense-supply field, and we would just as soon not have that complication."

The most hopeful note in all this activity was struck by Menachem Begin. The Israeli Prime Minister had preceded his blast against the Saudis and the Fahd plan with a pledge to strive for a "breakthrough" in ministerial-level negotiations with Egypt on autonomy for the 1.3 million Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, talks that are to resume in Cairo this week. Begin promised a major effort to define the powers of a Palestinian self-governing council, and even hinted that Israel might begin a military withdrawal from the West Bank before an autonomy agreement is concluded. The Reagan Administration at present is reluctant to assign a special envoy to mediate the talks, but if they show evidence of solid progress it might do so. The envoy might even be Secretary of State Haig.

The welcome indication that there could be life in the Camp David process was, however, clouded by two troubling developments. On the West Bank itself, Palestinian youths stoned Israeli vehicles and set fires in the streets protesting against autonomy in favor of a P.L.O.-ruled state. In response, the Israeli military authorities closed Bir Zeit University, the first such action in more than a year. Worse, a dispute arose about the composition of a multinational peace-keeping force in the Sinai after Israeli withdrawal.

Britain, France, Italy and The Netherlands have agreed in principle to join such a force, a move hailed both by the U.S., whose soldiers also would participate, and Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak. But Begin declared last week that Israel "will never agree" to participation in the force by European countries that continue to push for P.L.O. participation in peace talks. At the same time, Saudi Arabia counseled the Europeans not to join because the presence of their soldiers in a Sinai peace-keeping force would imply approval of the Camp David process rather than the Fahd plan.

The Reagan Administration compounded its Middle East troubles last week by asking Congress to approve a sale by a subsidiary of Ford Motor Co. of $79 million worth of components to a French company that is building three communications satellites for a 22-member Arab consortium. Members of the consortium include pro-terrorist Libya, Marxist South Yemen and the P.L.O. After Israel and its American supporters protested that the U.S. was planning to help sworn enemies, the Administration hastily withdrew the proposal. Both Haig and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger said they had known nothing about it. Trivial in itself, the incident was one more disconcerting indication that the Administration still lacks a well-thought-out strategy for dealing with the Middle East. ***—By George J. Church. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and Johanna McGeary/Washington***

Bye Bye, Balanced Budget

Reagan nixes more taxes, but keeps Congress guessing

The dilemma was painful, no less so because Ronald Reagan had inflicted it on himself. After pushing the biggest tax cut in U.S. history ($749 billion over five years) through a reluctant Congress and proposing $1.7 trillion in military spending in the next six years, could he also keep his promise to balance the federal budget by 1984? No way, his critics had insisted. As the recession further depressed revenues, automatically pushing up social spending, and projected deficits ballooned, even Budget Director David Stockman belatedly advocated a flip-flop, urging massive tax increases. Last week Reagan moved toward a difficult decision: he would not keep his pledge to balance the budget, but would hold firm to his 1982 tax cuts and permit only limited tax hikes later. At the same time, he would ask an increasingly rebellious Congress to enact even more horrendous future slashes in spending.

That, at least, was the President's clear inclination as he and top economic advisers held a series of argumentative meetings throughout the week. Republican leaders in both the Senate and the House, called to separate gatherings at the White House on Friday morning, expected Reagan to reveal his decision then. Instead he mainly let them air their own views, which conflicted sharply. The Senators urged Reagan to go along with Stockman and hold down budget deficits by supporting heavy tax increases in 1983 and 1984. The G.O.P. House leaders, on the other hand, advised the President to keep the pressure on for large cuts in spending, veto appropriations bills that would break his budget, and hold the line against tax increases.

Treasury Secretary Donald Regan

He and the President formed a majority.

While Reagan, without explanation, postponed any firm decision on which advice he would finally heed, he consistently sided throughout the week with Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, who waged a spirited, if lonely, fight against the Stockman-endorsed tax hikes. Stockman had worked with Senate Republican leaders to outline an $84 billion package of tax increases, largely on consumer items, over three years. The Budget Director's hope was to have the big tax hikes emerge from Chairman Pete Domenici's Senate Budget Committee, thereby taking some of the onus for the increases off the White House. But Regan apparently convinced the President that such huge tax increases would mean that the Federal Government would be spending almost as much of the gross national product at the end of Reagan's four-year term (22.2%) as in his first year (23.5%). The President responded warmly to that plea at a meeting of his top advisers on Monday, saying: "I didn't come here to balance the budget. I was elected to reduce Government intrusion in the economy."

In the Monday debate Stockman was supported against Regan by Presidential Aides James Baker and Edwin Meese, as well as by Murray Weidenbaum, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and Martin Anderson, Assistant for Policy Development. They all urged the President to cling to his goal of a balanced budget by going along with tax increases. Stockman stressed that Reagan had spoken publicly of the balanced budget too often to abandon it. But the Treasury Secretary shrewdly argued that the President had only presented a balanced 1984 budget as a target, until pushed by reporters into viewing it as a promise. In fact, however, Reagan's first formal four-year economic program projected a surplus of $500 million in 1984.

At a White House luncheon on the economy on Tuesday, the Budget Director brought along Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige, who reinforced Stockman's argument against Regan's position. But the President remained unmoved, opposing any big tax increase. Said one Republican Congressman: "Reagan and Regan were the only ones in the room who agreed on that—and they constituted a majority."

On Wednesday, Stockman privately passed the word to Domenici that the President had to oppose tax increases publicly, but that the Budget Committee chairman should not abandon his tax increase plans. Regan on the same day met with key Republican Senators in Majority Leader

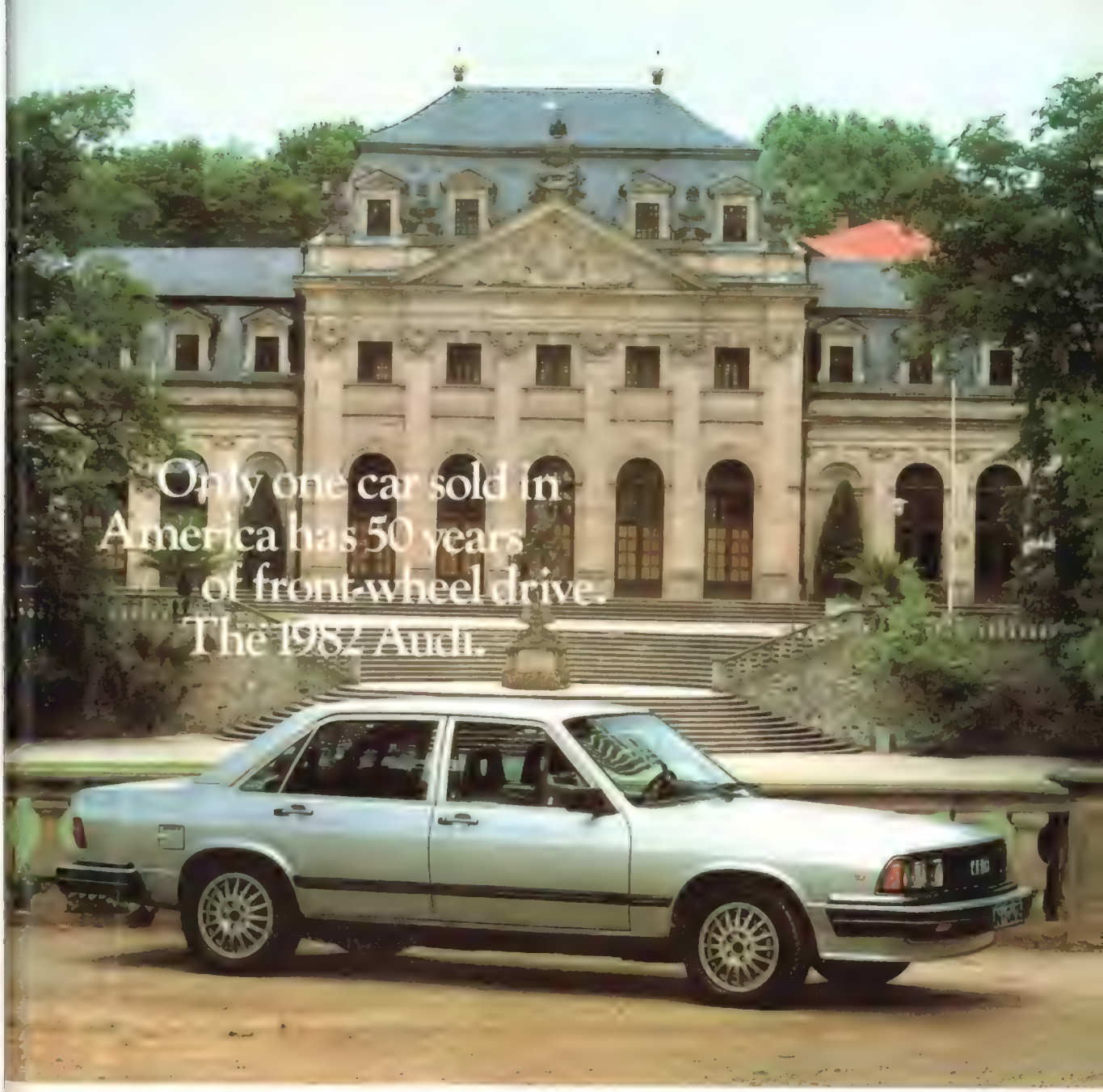
An Unlikely Nominee

Bank teller, insurance agent, real estate salesman, magazine distributor. He has drifted through a string of jobs without ever making a career out of any of them. He is the owner and sole employee of a minority recruiting firm in Detroit, which has not placed a single employee this year. His company, called Bold Concepts, Inc., is not even listed in the telephone book. He is a stranger to the Detroit civil rights community, and his political career consists of winning a meager 5% of the vote in a congressional race in 1980.

So why is William Bell, 55, being nominated by the Reagan Administration to head the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, an agency with 3,400 employees and an annual budget of $140 million? It is a question being asked with increasing dismay by both Congressmen and civil rights leaders as Bell's nomination comes up for a vote in the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee this week. True enough, Bell worked briefly for the EEOC in the mid-1970s, but his primary qualification seems to be that he toiled for the Reagan-Bush committee in Michigan during last year's presidential campaign. "He's bad news," says Maudine Cooper, Washington lobbyist for the National Urban League. Says Democratic Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri: "Mr. Bell is a perfectly decent and honest man, but he is absolutely and totally unqualified."

William Bell

"We stand by him," counters E. Pendleton James, White House director of personnel. "Bill Bell is not a lawyer, he's not wealthy and he's not out of the civil rights movement. But he is a conservative Republican and a staunch Reagan supporter." And that is exactly what Reagan wants: someone who is willing to battle civil rights groups and lead the Administration's redefinition of affirmative action. The Senate committee is split on Bell. Chairman Orrin Hatch of Utah pronounces him "honest and intelligent." But Hatch has trouble keeping Republicans Lowell Weicker of Connecticut and Robert Stafford of Vermont from often siding with the Democrats. If they defect this time the vote will probably be 9 to 7, and Bell's nomination will be blocked.



Audi 5000 Turbo $18,490 suggested retail price. P.O.E. Add transp[illegible] local taxes, dealer delivery charges. Photographed at the Orangery, Fulda, West Germany. © 1981 Porsche Audi

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Gulf

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Electricity from Earth's body-heat.

"Generating electricity from geothermal resources could save America a million barrels of oil every day."

Howard Baker's office and made a strong pitch against tax hikes, insisting that the entire Reagan economic program would "lose credibility" if big increases were enacted. But the Senators were not convinced. Said one, referring to the President: "We have to get it from the man himself."

The man seemed to make his view clear on Thursday morning, when 36 private money managers whose companies control some $400 billion in assets crowded into the Roosevelt Room of the White House for an economic conference. Reagan stopped by and indicated that he intended to fight any large tax increases. He declared flatly: "I never operate in reverse gear. We stand by our program."

The week's climactic meeting came on Thursday afternoon, when all of Reagan's top financial advisers sought a consensus to fit his emerging position. The President joined them briefly, re-emphasizing that he stood with Regan against all of the others. He ruled out any tax hikes until, conveniently enough, after the 1982 congressional elections. At most, he said, he might be willing to accept a $15 billion tax increase in 1983, and $25 billion in 1984. But he held out the hope that the economy will recover strongly before then to make such boosts unnecessary.

The President's delay in announcing just what economic course he will urge Republican leaders in Congress to pursue kept Stockman's hopes of winning his battle with Regan alive. The Domenici package, which is supported by all the Republicans on his committee, also includes some truly brutal spending cuts: $40 billion from various entitlement programs, presumably including Social Security, over the next three years, up to $33 billion from other nondefense spending and even $27 billion from the military budget. Without the tax increases, all such spending reductions presumably would have to be deepened further, if only to permit the Administration to meet what looks like its latest budget goal: merely getting the deficits on a declining trend, rather than eliminating them, by 1984. Getting Congress to enact such draconian spending slashes could prove difficult, if not impossible.

Some Administration insiders figured the President was stalling to see what Congress would do. The legislators, though, were holding back 1982 appropriations bills while awaiting a signal from the President. With Republican Senators locked in dispute with Republican Congressmen, and neither group knowing where the President stood, the only political beneficiaries were the Democrats. "It's time for the President to face facts," declared House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who had been badly bruised by Reagan's earlier tax and budget victories. But well, no, the Speaker had no immediate proposals to help Reagan resolve his dilemma. The Democrats, O'Neill implied, could wait, too. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by David Beckwith and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Puritan in the Cabinet Room

With his flinty stare, red hair, high collar and striped trousers, Calvin Coolidge is now an established presence in the Cabinet Room, a quiet patron of supply-side economics. He is on the wall in oils, along with Lincoln and Eisenhower. When Coolidge appeared on the morning of Ronald Reagan's Inauguration, some of the staff members were startled. "There's been an error," suggested one aide, believing a workman had mistaken the Vermonter for Jefferson or maybe McKinley. No, the report came back, the President wants Coolidge, the cutter of taxes and debt, the man who squandered few words and less money.

When Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan spied Coolidge in such an exalted position, he kidded the boss. Regan's father, a park police officer, went out on strike in sympathy with the Boston police who walked off the job in 1919. The elder Regan lost his job when the strike was squelched with help from Governor Coolidge. "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anytime, anywhere," declared Coolidge. Those 15 words made him a national hero and helped make him President.

Regan, properly instructed by Reagan, went back to the books and dug out the economic history of Coolidge's White House years. Regan polished up some nuggets from Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury of those exuberant days. One of them: "If the spirit of business adventure is killed, this country will cease to hold the foremost position in the world." That is the stuff to swell a supply-sider's heart.

Portrait of "Silent Cal" in Cabinet Room

Skeptics have abounded from the start. Coolidge has never been heroic history. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. keeps reminding readers that Coolidge was noted for sleeping twelve hours a day. Schlesinger, who served John Kennedy, knew of no other President who spent that much time in bed sleeping.

The White House had a dickens of a time finding the new painting of Cal. His official portrait hangs in the East Foyer. Charles Hopkinson painted it in 1932 for $4,000 but accepted $2,500 when a committee of Senators said that was all they could raise. Coolidge would have loved the hard bargain. In any event, that portrait could not be moved and there was not another one around. The official portrait was about all that was left of the Coolidge days, save a couple of pieces of undistinguished cherry bedroom furniture and an old Pullman menu from a trip on the Chicago & North Western Railway listing two broiled lamb chops at 80¢, Coolidge's kind of fare. The White House curator sent off to the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Mass., for another portrait of Coolidge. It was painted by Frank O. Salisbury in 1934, and a few of the wrinkles and the drooping mouth were softened on order of the 30th President's wife and admiring friends.

This romantic Coolidge may have gained a little stature in the past ten months. Thomas B. Silver has suggested in the *American Scholar* that Coolidge has been victimized in part by Schlesinger's own bias. "Imagine that the next five years are characterized by peace, national calm, unprecedented inflation-free prosperity, and rigid executive integrity," writes Silver, suggesting that was the nature of the Coolidge era. Surely that is the man Ronald Reagan sees when he glances at the Cabinet Room wall, and the man Ronald Reagan wants to be.

The debate about Coolidge will go on. The verbal sketches in William Allen White's 1938 biography *A Puritan in Babylon* still loom large in public memory: "Flinty-faced, sugar-cured and hickory-smoked, the wordless Yankee joss sitting cross-legged in the cosmos"; the world was "running madly extravagant"; Coolidge "stood, blinking at the tidal forces he could not fathom." If Reagan's economics fail, historians may say the same about him. If supply-side succeeds in some fashion, Reagan will not only give himself a boost in history but win a few more years of White House tenure for the Yankee joss.

Free Enterprise, Buckley Style

The SEC cracks down on a family's business practices

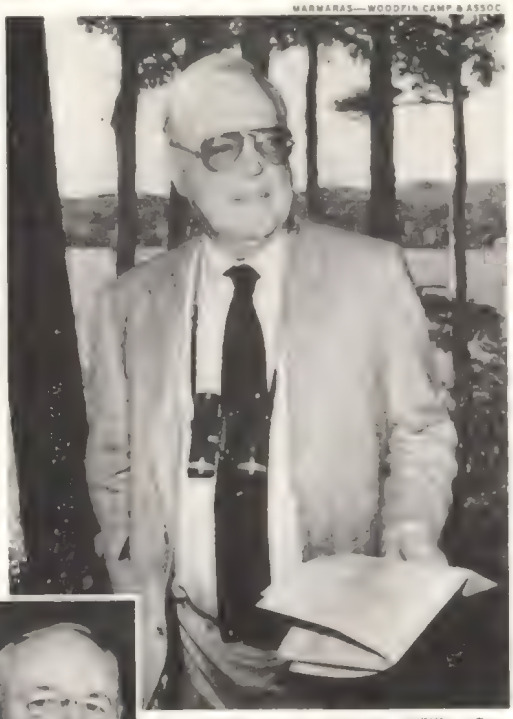
The genteel Buckley clan of fashionable rural Connecticut has long championed free enterprise and political conservatism with considerable charm, commendable wit and decided moral convictions. But the Securities and Exchange Commission, after a 3½-year investigation of Buckley-controlled oil and gas companies, last week portrayed the family's own business practices as unethical and even unlawful. In effect, it accused the companies of having defrauded stockholders to feather the family's nest.

In a consent decree filed in a federal district court in Washington, D.C., officers of the Buckley firms neither denied nor admitted having violated securities laws. But they did agree not to do in the future what the SEC contends they had done in the past. They also agreed to reimburse parties who the SEC claims had been defrauded or misled and relinquished oil and gas royalties that were deemed excessive. The cost will be about $800,000, an amount viewed by some experts on securities investigations as a mere slap on the wrist.

The most illustrious Buckleys were not named in the 43-page civil complaint. William F. Buckley Jr., 55, while profiting as a shareholder in the family enterprises, was not an officer of any of the involved corporations. The erudite TV interviewer, columnist and editor of the *National Review* had been accused of civil fraud by the SEC in a wholly separate action in 1979 and, without conceding any culpability, had agreed not to act as an officer or director of any public corporation for five years. Also unnamed was James Buckley, 58, the former New York Senator, now Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance. Although he had been active in the family businesses at the time some of the alleged violations occurred, he had severed his formal business relationships while holding public office. He is a defendant, however, in multimillion-dollar civil suits by shareholders who say they were defrauded.

The relatively unknown John Buckley, 61, the eldest brother of William and James, is one of three Buckley business associates cited in the complaint. John has devoted his career to carrying on the enterprises that grew out of the lucrative Venezuelan oil ventures of the family patriarch, William Sr., who died in 1958. Also cited by the SEC were Benjamin Heath, 67, widower of one of the elder Buckley's daughters, and C. Dean Reasoner, a Washington lawyer who had long helped manage the Buckley businesses.

The specific allegations are highly technical. They revolve around actions of the Catawba Corp., a privately owned company created by William Sr. partly as a way to funnel his millions (one published estimate, disputed by the Buckleys as too high, is $170 million) to his ten children. Each inherited 9.8% of the firm's stock. The only nonfamily shareholder is Reasoner, who holds 2%. Catawba owned no mineral or petroleum lands of its own. But it controlled six other publicly owned corporations.



MARMARAS—WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOC.

John Buckley and, left, Father William Sr.

High fees for undocumented services.

Some of these companies have acquired rights to acreage in Canada, Australia and the Gulf of Mexico, which, after years of proving unprofitable, have begun to create significant revenue. Others are mere corporate shells, owning little of value and sometimes lacking even a headquarters staff. Catawba managed all six satellite companies, charging high fees for this service and reaping royalties on any fuels or minerals these firms were able to sell.

This arrangement has been profitable. Between 1974 and 1978, Catawba collected $6,106,283 in fees and $6.7 million in royalties from the six affiliates. The SEC said that Catawba could not always produce records that would justify the high fees it charged. Still, when the bills were presented to the controlled companies, they were readily paid. In many cases, the Catawba officials sending the bills also served as officers or directors of the companies receiving them and thus were authorizing payments for themselves.

The SEC contended that some $525,000 in fees collected by Catawba from 1972 to 1978 actually was paid for time that Catawba officers and staff had spent on Catawba's financial transactions rather than on managing the other companies. Moreover, said the SEC, another $570,000 in such fees was spent on the upkeep of Great Elm, the 46-acre estate in Sharon, Conn., where the Buckley children grew up. Another $500 a month in fees was spent to help support a family member living in Texas.

The SEC cited numerous examples of alleged deception of public shareholders. It noted that United Canso Oil & Gas Ltd., which was controlled by the Buckley family, in 1971 acquired a 20% interest in a license to explore for oil and gas in the British North Sea. The Canso board sold its share in 1975 for $50 million plus $7 million in previous expenses. Canso's board then appointed two of its directors to make an "independent" study of what Canso owed Catawba in royalties on the oil it would have produced if it had not sold its rights. The two directors reported that Catawba was entitled to $3,196,000, a tidy sum that ended up going to the Buckley family. Canso, claimed the SEC, failed to inform its own shareholders that one of the "independent" directors was William Buckley's brother-in-law and the other an administrator of Buckley trusts. A group of angry Canso shareholders in 1980 seized control of Canso in a proxy fight. Unmentioned in the SEC report was the fact that James Buckley had signed the Catawba-Canso fee and royalty agreement in the first place.

James Buckley tried to isolate himself from the family business by placing his holdings in a "blind trust" while a Senator from 1971 to 1976 and again when he joined the Reagan Administration. Yet until recently one trustee was Reasoner, a Catawba adviser. Buckley has since shifted the trust to independent managers. John Buckley, as well as Reasoner, is banned under the consent decree from continuing to hold any office in Catawba.

Lawsuits pose continuing financial problems for the family, but the Buckleys are far from broke. Great Elm, however, is no longer the same. Its gracious 18th century mansion is being cut into a complex of fine condominiums. Priced from $175,000 to $200,000 each, they will, if sold, help ease the burdens imposed by the SEC's crackdown on the family's businesses. —***By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jonathan Beaty/Washington***

Gaddafi's Western Gunslingers

A Colorado trial involves attempted murder, Libya and the CIA

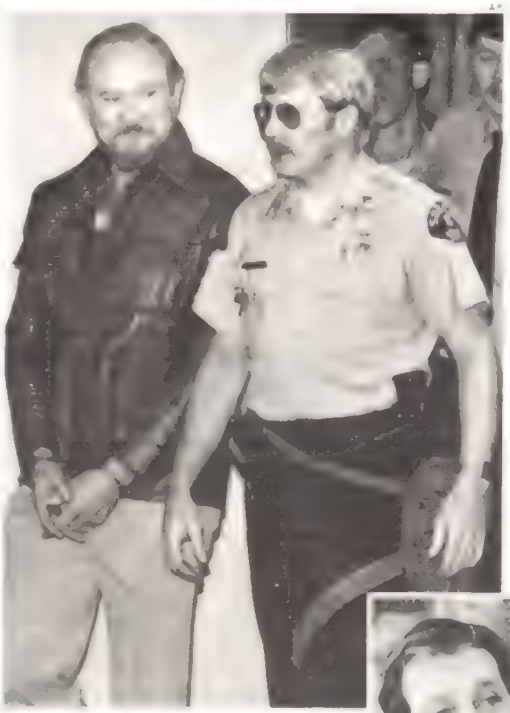
The only thing clear about the attempted killing of Faisal Zagallai, a Libyan graduate student at Colorado State University, is that Eugene Tafoya, the beefy ex–Green Beret who shot him last year, was not simply acting on his own. Thus Tafoya went on trial last week not only for attempted murder but also for conspiracy, although the prosecution is not yet sure who his co-conspirators were. Was he employed by Edwin Wilson, the former CIA agent who is now a fugitive in Tripoli arranging mercenary support for the Libyan armed forces? Was the murder attempt ordered directly by the Libyan government? Did Tafoya have any real connection to the CIA, as he claims, or only with renegade ex-CIA agent Wilson? As these questions are explored at Fort Collins, Colo., during Tafoya's trial, which could last a month, authorities hope, or perhaps fear, that some light will be shed on the mysterious web spun by Wilson that entangles former CIA officials and Western soldiers of fortune who are giving support to the radical government of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi.

Zagallai, 35, the son of a former mayor of Tripoli, originally came to the U.S. on a scholarship provided by the Gaddafi regime. But he soon soured on the dictator's repressive policies and became a leader of the anti-Gaddafi dissidents in the U.S., and had been warned by the FBI that he was a prime assassination target. Fortunately for him, the man who called at his apartment pretending to be a corporate recruiter bungled the job. Tafoya, 47, a 23-year veteran of the Army and the Marines, who fought in Viet Nam, fired at Zagallai at least twice at pointblank range but succeeded only in blinding him in one eye. Four months later, the .22-cal. pistol used in the attack was found near by and was easily traced to Tafoya, who was arrested at his home in Truth or Consequences, N. Mex., in April. Tafoya has variously claimed that he acted in self-defense after Zagallai pulled his own gun, and that he was on a secret mission for the CIA to warn Zagallai to tone down his criticism of Israel. As Tafoya tells it, he was at that time a kind of double agent, working for Wilson even while spying on him for the CIA. The agency denies that Tafoya was in its employ.

His connection with Wilson is another matter. After the shooting, Tafoya lived for three weeks at a 17th century farm estate in southern England owned by Wilson. His personal papers include the private telephone and telex numbers for Wilson in Tripoli, as well as notes from what appear to be conversations with him. Prosecutors also think that Tafoya is involved in the fire-bombing of a car belonging to one of Wilson's former business associates. In a tape recording seized at Tafoya's house, a man believed to be Tafoya tells a phone caller that he was responsible for the bombing and is available for other jobs: "Do you know somebody that should quit breathing permanently?" Authorities have identified the man he spoke to as James Clinton Dean, another former Green Beret.

Wilson is a former covert operative for the CIA who helped organize the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion by anti-Castro Cubans in 1961. He officially left the Government in 1976, when the naval intelligence branch for which he was working, known as Task Force 157, was being disbanded by Navy Rear Admiral Bobby Inman. Wilson tried to persuade Inman to save Task Force 157 by offering what Inman took to be a bribe; the admiral, offended, immediately decided to abolish the operation. In 1980 Wilson was indicted on charges of illegally shipping explosives to Libya. He has been a fugitive, mainly in Tripoli, since then. In a series of articles over the past five months, the New York *Times* has described how Wilson and former CIA Colleague Frank Terpil have supplied sophisticated technology and trained personnel to the Libyan armed forces. Much of their business has been aided by former associates in the intelligence community, and this connection has been exploited to help recruit mercenaries from the Green Berets.

In spite of first denying that Americans were involved with the Libyan military, the State Department, after discussing the matter with the CIA, last week confirmed that U.S. citizens have been hired to service, and work as crew members on, Libya's Hercules troop transport planes and Chinook military helicopters. Said a State Department spokesman of the activities promoted by the former CIA agents: "We find it reprehensible and against the interest of peace and security." Wilson, operating out of his posh villa in Tripoli, is still actively engaged in providing support for the Libyan military, and the *Times* quotes some of those involved as saying that Americans have been sustaining Gaddafi's yearlong intervention into neighboring Chad.



Eugene Tafoya and John Stubbs, inset

A web of violence and intrigue.

John Anthony Stubbs, a British pilot who worked for Wilson until he was asked to deliver arms to a Chad airfield under siege, told TIME last week that as many as 45 Americans have also been recruited to help train Palestine Liberation Organization terrorists in Libya. According to Stubbs, the training operation is based in Kufra, about 800 miles south of Tripoli, and run by former U.S. Marine Corps Pilot Robert Hitchman, who once worked for the CIA-financed company Air America and now lives in an apartment in Wilson's villa. Says Stubbs: "I met Hitchman in Saigon in 1972. I never knew exactly which side he was working for. When I was in Libya, we used to play chess at Wilson's villa. He runs the P.L.O. helicopter training for the Libyan government, and he flies them himself. The Americans he hires are mainly Viet Nam veterans, and they work for about $4,000 a month."

When testimony gets under way in the heavily guarded courtroom in Fort Collins, a central question will be whether Libya's World Revolutionary Committee was telling the truth when it initially claimed to have ordered the murder of Faisal Zagallai. If it did, it probably acted through Wilson. This possibility has spurred the Justice Department, CIA and FBI to pursue more aggressively their investigation of the former operative's empire. An interagency task force has been set up to coordinate the case, and the House Intelligence Committee will begin public hearings by the end of the year. The result may be a fuller understanding of the old-boy dealings between present and former intelligence agents. There is a growing suspicion, as well, that close scrutiny of Wilson's affairs will turn up embarrassing connections with high officials, both in the U.S. and abroad, who may have participated in business deals with the entrepreneur in Tripoli. —***By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Jonathan Beaty/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Denver***

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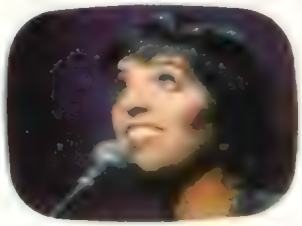

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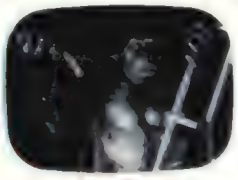
The Muppet Movie[2]



King Kong[3]

Urban Cowboy[1]

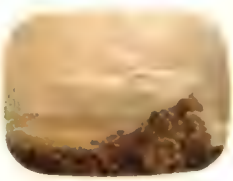
The Elephant Man[1]

The Rose[1]

Popeye[1]

The French Connection[1]

The China Syndrome[1]



Alien[1]

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid[2]

Tess[1]

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Off-Year Races: No Referendum

In two state elections, Washington is hardly an issue

In America, land of the permanent campaign, every congressional vote, every opinion poll, certainly every off-year election somehow becomes a referendum on the President and his programs. So Ronald Reagan campaigned dutifully last month for Republican gubernatorial Candidates Marshall Coleman in Virginia and Thomas Kean in New Jersey. Both party hopefuls returned the embrace. As Kean said during the campaign: "We have got to do in New Jersey what President Reagan has been doing in Washington." But there was scant evidence that voters in either state saw their contests as a sort of large-scale Gallup sampling. The races were just as plausibly a referendum on departing New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne, who angered taxpayers by allowing a new 21,000-seat state sports facility to be named the Brendan Byrne Arena, or on the popularity in Virginia of the Moral Majority's the Rev. Jerry Falwell, who, to the G.O.P.'s consternation, endorsed the party ticket weeks after a poll showed he was perhaps the most unpopular public figure in the state.

Contradictory results in the two races suggest that if they were meant as a down-home test of Reagan's popularity, the nation is a house divided. As soon as the quirky results were in, a thudding defeat for Coleman by Democrat Charles Robb in normally Republican Virginia, and an apparent narrow victory for Kean over Democrat James Florio in normally Democratic New Jersey, White House Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes proclaimed the elections were emphatically not "a referendum on the President himself or the President's economic policies."

In Virginia's bitter campaign, Reagan was scarcely an issue. Winner Robb, a conservative by principle and a pragmatist by practice, simply refused to attack him. Said Robb: "It's clear that President Reagan is very popular." At least as much an issue was another President, almost 13 years out of office. The late Lyndon B. Johnson, father of the Great Society, was also the father of Robb's wife Lynda Bird. Her mother, Lady Bird, gave $25,410 to the campaign. Robb nonetheless remained studiously distant from Johnson too. A popular but powerless Lieutenant Governor since his debut in politics four years ago, Robb relied on winks, nudges and noncommittal words to suggest empathy with each of the ill-fitting elements of his coalition: suburban moderates and independents, coal miners and union members, many rural conservatives and blacks. On issues he was all but indistinguishable from Coleman. Their chief dispute was about which of them more clearly deserved to be called conservative.

Robb's victory had been forecast in polls through most of the race. But it rattled Republicans in their strongest state in the South (nine of ten House seats, the past three Governors). As Robb had predicted, his margin, unofficially 769,422 to 662,788, came mostly from blacks. Four years ago, as much as a third of the state's black voters supported Coleman as a moderate Attorney General. But he alienated many this year when he opposed a bill to make Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a state holiday. More telling, late in the campaign former Republican Governor Mills Godwin denounced several voting reforms designed to strengthen black representation nationwide, while Robb, with characteristic caution, supported the measures, but urged black leaders not to publicize some of his views. Word nonetheless got around.

In Norfolk and Portsmouth, some black precincts went for Robb by as much as 35 to 1. Fretted Republican National Committee Chairman Richard Richards: "They [blacks] are distrustful of us, and they shouldn't be. If we don't do better, we are going to lose time after time."

Virginia's Robb: family ties, noncommittal words

New Jersey's election has already produced about a dozen preliminary vote totals, alternately showing Kean or Florio ahead by margins ranging from 25 to 2,060, out of some 2.3 million votes cast. A declaration of a winner is due this week, but each side, if it loses, has vowed to seek a recount (at an approximate statewide cost to the challenger of a $140,000 deposit).*

The closeness of the race spotlighted one dubious tactic of the Republican National Committee and its New Jersey affiliate. On Election Day, thousands of signs proclaiming the presence of the official-sounding "National Ballot Security Task Force" were posted by Republican operatives. Some wore armbands. According to Kean aides, some were off-duty police officers carrying weapons. Democrats charged the task force was an attempt to frighten overwhelmingly Democratic inner-city voters. By early afternoon that day, State Superior Court Judge Daniel A. O'Donnell had ruled the signs illegal and the effort disbanded. But not, Florio claimed, before the tactic had a chilling effect.

The campaign seemed less a plebiscite on issues than a choice between classic partisan stereotypes: Florio, the dark, tough-talking grandson of an Italian immigrant, a sworn friend of unions and critic of Big Business, driven by ambition; Kean, the prep-accented millionaire scion of a family that had produced Governors stretching back to colonial days, a fiscal conservative and a moderate on social issues, bowing to a family tradition of public service. Yet both had enemies within their natural constituencies: Florio among liberals, because he was supported by right-to-lifers and the National Rifle Association; Kean among conservatives, because as a legislator he sponsored environmental regulations, rent control and an attempted ban on cheap handguns.

The race upset so many norms that it tricked one of network television's savviest pollsters, Warren Mitofsky of CBS, into projecting Florio the winner by about an eight-point margin as soon as the polls closed. ABC had jumped the gun two hours before on its New York City station's local news, saying the "trend" was to Florio. The NBC station waited till 11:13 p.m. to project a Kean victory. Then it, like the other networks, backed off. All three networks said they would spend the next few days figuring out what went wrong. For the eventual loser in the New Jersey race, who would have needed to sway roughly one more voter in every 2,000 to win, the question of what went wrong will linger a long, long time. — ***By William A. Henry III. Reported by Anne Constable/Richmond and Peter Stoler/Trenton***

*If the challenger does not overturn the result, the cost of the recount is forfeited from the deposit, except for the cost in each district where there has been an error of 10% or ten votes, whichever is greater.

Drawings for TIME by David Levine

Not Much of a Pattern Either

In dozens of local ballots, voters are of several minds

In cities and towns across the country last week, voters were in an unpredictable and slightly cranky mood. In tiny (population: 1,200) Enoch, Utah, Mayor Worth Grimshaw was re-elected handily only days after he was jailed for demolishing his 1962 Chevy with an ax so that his ex-wife would not gain custody of the car. In Kingston, N.Y., Mayor Donald Quick won his race despite campaign accusations that he had fixed parking tickets. Voters of Belmont County, Ohio, elected Wayne Hays, 70, who resigned from Congress in 1976 after the Liz Ray sex scandal, to the county board of education. So idiosyncratic or cynical were voters that even Mayor Grimshaw was chastened. "What worries me," he remarked, reflecting on the car-bashing episode, "is that some people voted for me after that who hadn't intended to before."

If there is any message in the way voters responded to this year's ballot initiatives and local races, it seems to be that, at a time of cutbacks in federal spending, many Americans want their local governments run efficiently, and never mind how, so long as the price does not come out of their hides. There were exceptions: in New York State, voters narrowly approved a $500 million bond issue for prison construction, and in New Jersey they supported $350 million in bonds to improve the state's water supply. But generally the electorate shied from proposals that would have added to their tax burden. They frequently turned back measures that would have handed more power to politicians. West Virginians, for example, refused a $750 million bond issue backed by Democratic Governor Jay Rockefeller for state highway improvement, thus delivering a slap to Rockefeller's well-known presidential aspirations. In Kentucky, voters rejected a constitutional amendment that would have abolished the state's one-term limit on state officeholders, including the governorship. Democratic Governor John Y. Brown, who has presidential hopes of his own, considered the vote a personal rebuke. Said he: "Government is wasteful and the public doesn't trust it. They were fearful they would have a Governor who would abuse the office." Brown's supporters had spent over $175,000 on a media campaign to sell the amendment.

The electorate's faith in government was tested in other states as well. A measure calling for dismissal of striking county employees passed 2 to 1 in San Diego. In Washington State, a proposal to give voters a voice in approving public power projects passed by a vote of 495,013 to 356,784, throwing into doubt a $23.9 billion, five-reactor nuclear power system that has been under construction since 1973. The decision, which may be challenged in court by the Washington Public Power Supply System bondholders, would limit the rights of municipalities to issue revenue bonds for power plants without voter approval. The repercussions are sure to be closely scrutinized by pro-nuclear advocates within the Reagan Administration.

In Ohio, voters chose to continue the state's monopoly on the sale of workers' compensation insurance, rejecting a $4.3 million promotional blitz by the insurance industry. In Texas a plan that would have set aside half of the state's surplus revenues for water projects was defeated 57.4% to 42.5%, despite the backing of powerful Texas politicians. Opponents, including the League of Women Voters, teachers' groups and environmentalists, charged that the measure amounted to a blank check and circumvented normal budgetary processes.

Hartford's Milner: moderation, mobilization

A controversial initiative in Washington, D.C., that would have provided tax breaks for students wishing to attend private schools was resoundingly defeated. The proposal, which would have allowed credits of up to $1,200 against District of Columbia income taxes for tuition, was opposed on the grounds that it would drain the city treasury and only further damage the already strapped District of Columbia school system. Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York, who has been a leading proponent of tuition tax credits, criticized the plan as a "caricature" because of the large sums involved. President Reagan favors the tuition tax credits, and conservatives had hoped that a win would put to rest fears that the scheme would harm minority students most.

Only in the older big cities did voters behave predictably, sweeping well-established incumbents back into office on promises of fiscal toughness and economic revitalization. New York Mayor Ed Koch won a second term virtually unopposed (he was endorsed by both the Democratic and Republican parties) despite some heavy criticism for insensitivity to minorities. Boasted Koch grandly: "I am mayor of all the people." Coleman Young of Detroit, elected the city's first black mayor in 1973, marched to a landslide third-term victory over a virtually unknown opponent; the winner offered only equivocal support for a defeated measure that would have legalized casino gambling and helped fill the coffers of his financially strapped city. Among the other incumbent mayors re-elected were Republicans George Voinovich of Cleveland and Margaret Hance of Phoenix, and Democrats Richard Caliguiri of Pittsburgh, Donald Fraser of Minneapolis and Charles Royer of Seattle. Former Louisville Mayor Harvey Sloane, a Democrat, returned to office with 66% of the vote. In Hartford, Conn., Democratic State Representative Thirman L. Milner, 48, easily defeated two opponents to become the first elected black mayor of a major New England city. The moderate and low-keyed Milner, a former New York civil rights worker who effectively mobilized Hartford's large black and Hispanic population, had earlier unseated five-term Incumbent George Athanson in a series of grueling primaries.

Key mayoral races in two fast-growing Sun Belt cities remain to be decided in weeks to come. The front runners amply reflect the preoccupations of the Reagan era. Houston Controller Kathryn Whitmire, 35, is running against another Democrat, Harris County Sheriff Jack Heard, on a platform of sound fiscal management. In Miami, where an influx of Caribbean refugees and a burgeoning drug trade have caused a paroxysm of violent crime, Cuban-born Challenger Manolo Reboso, 46, is counting on heavy Cuban support to unseat four-term Incumbent Maurice Ferré. Reboso is an outspoken admirer of the late Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio Somoza and was a leader of Democrats supporting Reagan. Perhaps the most direct, if quixotic, challenge to Reagan Administration policies came in a nonbinding referendum in Boston. Proposed was an increase in "quality education, public transportation, energy-efficient housing and other essential services—by reducing the amount of our tax dollars spent on nuclear weapons and programs of foreign military intervention." It passed by a comfortable margin.

—By Russ Hoyle

SOVIET UNION

Moscow's Aim: Split NATO

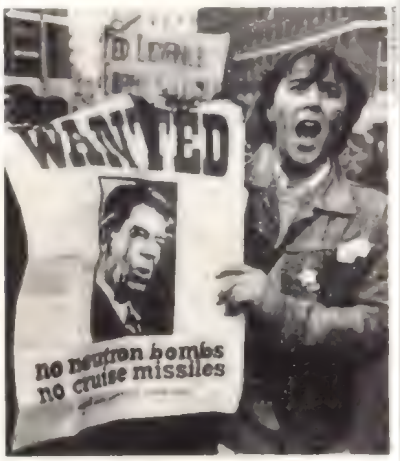
The "peace" offensive against Europe tries to block U.S. missiles

With the rows of medals on his full-dress uniform gleaming under the television lights, Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov stepped to the podium in the Kremlin's modernistic Palace of Congresses late last week to report on the state of the country. In his address, delivered on the eve of a national holiday marking the 64th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Ustinov lectured Washington on its belligerent rhetoric. Charged Ustinov: "Its high-ranking representatives declare with cynical disregard for the destinies of peoples that 'there are things more important than peace' and that a so-called limited nuclear war is not only possible but even acceptable."

That was only the latest salvo in a Soviet peace offensive that has been building to a crescendo over the past few months. The ultimate goal of this intense propaganda campaign is to drive a wedge between the U.S. and its Western European allies. The more immediate intent is to encourage opposition to the stationing of a new generation of U.S. medium-range missiles in Western Europe, a policy that NATO adopted in 1979 to offset the prolific deployment of SS-20s and other weapons in the western Soviet Union. Ustinov's remarks were carefully targeted and timed. Moscow's campaign will soon face two key tests: the opening on Nov. 30 of the Geneva talks on limiting Soviet and American theater nuclear forces (T.N.F.) in Europe, and Leonid Brezhnev's visit on Nov. 22 to West Germany, where opposition to the NATO missile plan is already strong enough to endanger Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's hold on the government.

Never had the European climate seemed more favorable to Moscow's appeals for peace. Extensive demonstrations in Bonn, London, Brussels, Paris and Rome last month brought nearly a million people into the streets to protest the scheduled deployment of 572 NATO missiles beginning in 1983. Moreover, Europeans were increasingly jittery over U.S. nuclear strategy in the wake of Ronald Reagan's casual remark three weeks ago that an "exchange of tactical weapons against troops" in Europe was conceivable without escalating into an all out exchange between the two superpowers. Although it was misleadingly quoted out of context, the remark revived a recurring fear that the U.S. was prepared to sacrifice its European allies without risking its own survival. Washington later reiterated its total defense commitment to Europe, but Soviet propagandists deftly exploited Reagan's gaffe.

Nor did Secretary of State Alexander Haig help matters when he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week that NATO contingency plans included exploding a nuclear device as a "demonstration" to persuade the Soviets to fall back, should they seek to overrun Western Europe. Grumbled a Western diplomat in Bonn: "Which sounds best to the West Germans in the present circumstances, Brezhnev waffling about his desire for peace, or Haig waffling about firing a warning nuclear shot above the Russians' heads?" Lamented a member of Schmidt's divided Social Democratic Party: "Those who say 'Better red than dead,' have certainly received a boost."



Demonstrator in Rome attacking Reagan

Nothing, in fact, has given Moscow's peace campaign more emotional appeal than the bellicose remarks in Washington. Declared Denis Healey, deputy leader of the British Labor Party, as he addressed the House of Commons last week: "You must speak softly when you carry a big stick. We have unfortunately during the last twelve months had [from the U.S.] all too often a combination of belligerence and rhetoric with carelessness and confusion in defining the purpose and roles of these [nuclear] weapons." Political Science Professor Lincoln Bloomfield of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology agreed, arguing that by talking tough for domestic consumption, "we've played right into the hands of Moscow and the peace movement in Europe."

West Germany has been the main target of the Kremlin's latest propaganda barrage, and for good reason: Helmut Schmidt's country is scheduled to be the principal site of the NATO missile deployments; without West German participation, the plan would likely collapse. Says Brookings Institution Sovietologist Helmut Sonnenfeldt, a top aide to Henry Kissinger when he was Secretary of State: "The Soviets see attitudes there changing to their advantage, and they want to encourage that."

Brezhnev and Schmidt meeting in Moscow last year: perils at the summit

An old refrain of specious arguments, but the orchestration was superb.

Against that background, Brezhnev showed a masterful sense of orchestration as he prepared for his trip to Bonn by granting an interview published last week by the West German magazine *Der Spiegel*. Striking a tone of benevolence and sweet reason, he stated: "The Soviet Union does not threaten anybody

and is not planning to attack anyone. Our military doctrine is of a defensive character. It rules out preventive wars and the 'first strike' concept."

The Soviet boss maintained that "approximate parity" in European-based medium-range missiles already existed, making further buildups on the Western side unwarranted. Brezhnev claimed that the Soviets had 975 medium-range weapons within striking distance of Western Europe. He admitted that the new SS-20s could carry three warheads, but said that "their total detonating power" was less than one of the outmoded missiles that were being replaced. By contrast, he said, NATO had 986 medium-range weapons within 600 miles of the Soviet Union.

Brezhnev criticized the U.S. for allegedly seeking military superiority but declared his willingness to negotiate reciprocal arms reductions. To complete his dovish appeal, he reiterated previous calls for a moratorium on new medium-range missiles and pledged never to use nuclear weapons against countries that did not deploy such arms on their soil.

For all its skillful packaging, Brezhnev's propaganda ploy was basically only a restatement of longstanding Soviet positions. It drew little public response from Western governments, although there was some worry about the problems it would cause in the long run. The main leaders of the European peace movements, possibly finding Brezhnev's stratagem too obvious, were restrained. West Germany's ex-Chancellor Willy Brandt remarked that while appreciating Brezhnev's concern over the NATO buildup, "we expect him to understand that we feel threatened by the new potentials developed by the Soviets in recent years."

Brezhnev's pose as a peacemaker was also undermined late last week when Sweden charged that the Soviet submarine that ran aground in Swedish waters on Oct. 27 was probably carrying nuclear weapons. For the Soviets, who have been pushing hard for a Nordic nuclear free zone, the incident was an embarrassing blow to their peace offensive. Swedish Foreign Minister Ola Ullsten declared the affair "a frightening reminder of how close we are to the precipice, how great the risk is for a nuclear war."

More broadly, the credibility of the Soviets' peace campaign suffers from fundamental flaws in their main arguments. Most Western experts flatly reject Moscow's oft-repeated assertion of an "approximate parity" in theater nuclear weapons. Said a State Department spokesman last week: "The Soviets have been claiming now for several years that a balance exists, although in that period they have been increasing their capabilities and we have not."

Indeed, while the Soviets have more than 250 new SS-20s within striking range of Europe, NATO as yet has no weapons with a reciprocal capability. The original 1979 decision to deploy the U.S.-built T.N.F. was intended to offset precisely that advantage. The "roughly equal" figures cited by the Soviets are juggled and distorted. Moscow counts all nuclear-armed U.S. and allied aircraft capable of reaching the Soviet Union, but conveniently omits the hundreds of their own planes with the same range. Secretary of State Haig pointed out last week that the Soviets have enough missiles and aircraft to give them about a 3-to-1 advantage over the U.S. in European-based nuclear forces.

Moscow's repeated proposals for T.N.F. reductions invite similar skepticism. So far, the Soviets have merely offered to reduce the number of SS-20s in exchange for NATO's scrapping its new deployment plans altogether. That, obviously, would be a good deal for the Soviets. So would their call for a moratorium on new T.N.F., which would leave all of Moscow's existing weaponry in place. Addressing this point last week, Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle explained, "We have categorically rejected a freeze because that would leave the Soviets with a monopoly of long-range theater nuclear missiles."

Another theme of Moscow's peace campaign is its call for a U.S.-Soviet pledge disavowing the first use of nuclear weapons. Although Haig last week said that such professions of "moderation and sensitivity on the question [were] not unwelcome," Washington had sound reason to be dubious. For one thing, the Soviets have shown little willingness to respect grand-sounding declarations they have signed in the past, such as the human rights provisions of the Helsinki Accords. Moreover, a pledge not to use nuclear weapons first would weaken the doctrine of "extended deterrence," the American nuclear umbrella that covers Western Europe. For that doctrine to remain credible, the U.S. must retain the option of first using nuclear weapons against an attack on Western Europe by the Warsaw Pact's numerically superior conventional forces. If a war in Europe were limited to conventional arms, the Soviets would be heavily favored to win.

Although Moscow's latest peace overtures were obviously self-serving, experts from a wide variety of backgrounds also saw a sincere desire for some arms control behind the latest Soviet peace moves. According to Dimitri Simes, a Soviet émigré and scholar at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, Moscow seriously wants negotiations but expects little progress as long as the Americans refuse to revive the overall SALT negotiations. Says Brookings' Sonnenfeldt: "They do feel jeopardized by what is brewing in the West and genuinely want to slow that down if they can." In Moscow, Historian Roy Medvedev, one of the Soviet Union's leading independent thinkers, says: "Our military budget is already at the limit of what the country can afford without cutting back on vital sectors of the civilian economy. Our leaders sincerely do not want an arms race."

Just how sincere the Soviets are on that point will be tested when the T.N.F. talks begin on Nov. 30. As Sonnenfeldt puts it, "If Brezhnev really has something up his sleeve, we'll see it when they sit down at the table, not before." But if the Soviet leader's counting methods are any indication, there may be considerable wrangling before the two sides even agree on a common starting point for discussion. Furthermore, despite their professed desire to negotiate, the Soviets have little incentive to make serious concessions as long as the peace movement in Europe threatens to block NATO's missile deployment.

For its part, the Reagan Administration has not yet even drawn up its final bargaining proposals. There is still disagreement between the State and Defense departments over which systems to count, how to verify the desired limitations and prohibitions, and how much latitude to give U.S. negotiators to work out compromises.

As the long-awaited negotiations approach, both sides clearly have far to go before any solid arms control agreement can be reached. And in the interim, Leonid Brezhnev and other Soviet officials will surely continue to try to discredit the U.S. and weaken NATO, by exploiting the growing fears in Europe of nuclear warfare. —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Eric Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Strobe Talbott/Washington*

Kohl, center, and party poster: "With youth—our country needs a new beginning"

WEST GERMANY

"We Are the Alternative"

As Schmidt falters, the Christian Democrats bid for power

While Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev engaged in his latest effort to strengthen pacifist opposition to the deployment of new U.S. nuclear missiles in Western Europe, the Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.), West Germany's main opposition party for the past twelve years, faced both an opportunity and a challenge. The opportunity was that Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democratic Party was so badly riven by the missile issue that it might not be able to retain power until the national elections scheduled for 1984. The challenge was that the Christian Democrats would have to contend with the widespread appeal of the "peace" movement in West Germany without compromising their basic stand for a strong military and the firm support of NATO.

The Christian Democrats' answer to the dilemma was contained in the slogan that stretched across the vast wall of Hamburg's Congress Center last week as the party met for its annual convention. C.D.U. FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM, the sign read, clearly stressing the party's view that peace could not be taken for granted in the absence of the military strength that ensures a nation's liberty. By the time the convention ended, Leader Helmut Kohl, 51, had succeeded in appearing sensitive to the problem, while reaffirming his party's traditional support for a strong U.S.-linked defense.

"We are the alternative," Kohl boomed as the 830 delegates applauded. A poll published on the eve of the convention showed that the C.D.U. had gained so much momentum that if a vote were held today, it would win a clear majority of 50.3%. That is a remarkable comeback for a party that suffered the worst defeat in its history only a year ago, when Schmidt's coalition trounced the conservative Minister-President of Bavaria, Franz Josef Strauss, 53.5% to 44.5%, in the national elections, winning 271 seats in the Bundestag, against a total of 226 for the C.D.U. and its companion Christian Social Union.

Christian Democrats gracefully concede that they are not alone responsible for the sharp reversal in their fortunes. Schmidt is hurt by a sputtering economy. Last month unemployment reached a new record of 1.36 million, or 5.9%, and Economics Minister Otto Lambsdorff warned that the total could reach 2 million next year. But Schmidt's main problem is rising left-wing opposition in his party to the new U.S. missiles. The Chancellor could resign if his party does not support him on the issue at its convention next April.

Although Kohl himself is a staunch backer of the missiles, he improvised a sentence in his keynote speech to placate younger, skeptical C.D.U. members. "We belong to the peace movement," he declared. "And we want disarmament and détente." Kohl also agreed to let 500 jeans-sporting youths, some not party members, have a voice at the convention.

But the final document reflected Kohl's uncompromising stand on defense. The foreign policy section approved by all but four of the 780 voting delegates pledged unreserved support for NATO missile plans, urged Moscow to make concessions in the forthcoming arms-limitation talks and stressed the importance of close relations with the U.S. "We stand in the middle of the land," said Kohl recently. Such moderation and the backing of traditional policies, he is convinced, will carry him and the C.D.U. to power. ■

Neo-Nazi Terror

Extremists turn violent

They found his body in his cell early one morning last week. Heinrich Lembke, 44, a forester and a dedicated neo-Nazi, had hanged himself with a radio cord. He had been arrested when police found drawings in his home leading to arms that were buried around his property near Hamburg. But before he committed suicide, Lembke told authorities of an arsenal of weapons, some 90 crates of hand grenades, guns, ammunition, plus poison, that was concealed at 33 sites throughout the countryside. The discoveries, the largest of their kind in West German history, were alarming evidence of a rising wave of terrorism that is being carried out by tiny bands of right-wing extremists.

Long before the arms cache was found, officials were worried about the scope of mounting right-wing violence. The number of reported incidents rose from 616 in 1977 to 1,533 in 1980, including seven attacks on immigrants' hostels and the explosion of a bomb in a crowded outdoor area during Munich's Oktoberfest, an annual rite of autumn, that killed 13 and injured 221. In Munich last month, two neo-Nazi suspects were killed, one was injured and two more arrested after a shootout with police who had stopped a car loaded with weapons.

Although the movement that feeds this violence is still minuscule, membership in groups with a distinct neo-Nazi ideology jumped from 1,400 to 1,800 in the past year, according to federal officials. Paradoxically, the increase is occurring at a time when political support for right-wing extremist groups has plummeted. The *Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands (N.P.D.)*, the only legal ultraright party, won 1.4 million votes, or 4.3% of the total, in 1969. In last year's national elections, it polled an alltime low of 67,798, or .2%.

There are marked differences between right- and left-wing terrorists in West Germany. The left-wing Baader-Meinhof gang, composed mainly of middle-class dropouts, coolly singles out members of the Establishment for attack. The neo-Nazis, who come largely from working-class backgrounds and are fervent nationalists, prefer more random acts of violence aimed at creating a climate of fear and gaining publicity.

No one in West Germany really believes that a tiny, albeit violent, core of neo-Nazis endangers the country's democracy. Yet a nation that remains haunted by its past cannot be complacent. Erwin Scheuch, a professor of sociology at the University of Cologne, acknowledges that the neo-Nazis are a negligible lot, but he adds, "We cannot afford to be blind in the right eye." ■

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Merit Remains Unbeaten!

MERIT low tar/good taste combination continues as proven winner over leading higher tar brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Reg: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—Men: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'81

A rigorous new program of MERIT research has just been completed.

The result: The most conclusive evidence yet confirms low tar MERIT as the *proven* taste alternative to higher tar smoking.

MERIT Sweeps New Blind Taste Tests.

In impartial new tests where brand identity was concealed, the *overwhelming majority* of smokers reported MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading higher tar brands.

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In the second part of this extensive new study, MERIT smokers confirm that taste is a major factor in completing their successful switch to MERIT from higher tar cigarettes.

Confirmed: 94% of MERIT smokers *don't miss their former higher tar brands.*

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Kings & 100's

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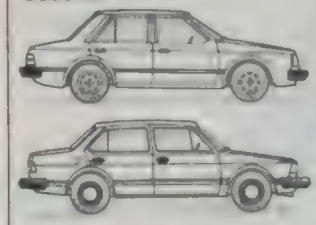
The more you look at the finest economy sedans in the world, the more you like the Mazda GLC.

The Mazda GLC Sedan and the VW Jetta are alike in many ways. But close inspection reveals an important difference between these two refined economy sedans.



The GLC Sedan distinguishes itself as a remarkable value.

It's also a remarkable piece of engineering. When Mazda engineers first designed the GLC, they were free to analyze existing front-wheel-drive technology. And they were free to improve it.

The front-wheel-drive configuration of the GLC Sedan attains new levels of excellence in virtually every area, including fuel economy.

44 **34** The result is a car with handling, quickness, and comfort that comes as a pleasant surprise to those accustomed to driving other front-wheel-drive automobiles.

EST. hwy. mpg EST. mpg.

Another pleasant surprise is its low price. Conclusive evidence that in a world of fine economy sedans, the Mazda GLC represents a fine value.

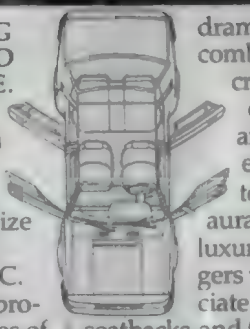
STATE-OF-THE-ART FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE. Mazda's front-wheel-drive setup is unique in many ways. For example, our engineers dealt with a problem encountered in many front-wheel-drive cars: rubbery and imprecise gear shifting.

This troublesome characteristic is due to the long shift linkage required to connect the driver's gearshift lever with the forward-mounted transmission.

Mazda's unique parallel linkage

The solution was a unique parallel linkage system in which the shift linkage rod is stabilized by a second rod situated above it. This design makes running through the gears a series of sure, crisp throws.

OUTSTANDING COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. For an economy car, the GLC Sedan has a surprising amount of interior space. In fact, no sedan in its size and price range is roomier than the GLC.



Both front seats provide over seven inches of travel to accommodate the long-legged. Still, it is in the rear that the GLC Sedan has most dramatically combined creature comforts and space efficiency to create an aura of big-car luxury. Passengers will appreciate the high seatbacks and the padded, coved side bolsters.

Rear-seat occupants will also like the height of the seat itself, which permits them to sit up naturally and enjoy knee and legroom unexpected in a car this size.

In addition, the GLC Sedan has large windows that provide excellent visibility.

Further amenities include full-width striped velour upholstery, passenger assist grips, and fine cut-pile carpeting that not only covers the floor but also lines the spacious trunk.

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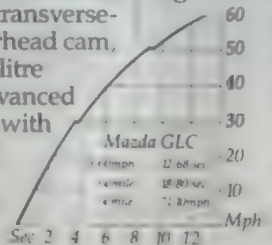
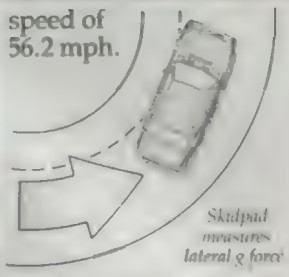
PERFORMANCE THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU.
The Mazda GLC Sedan is powered by a transverse-mounted, overhead cam, 4-cylinder, 1.5 litre engine. An advanced design engine with hemispherical combustion chambers and high swirl intake porting for efficient combustion. Put it together with the GLC's smooth shifting action, and you have the kind of acceleration that makes this economy car a lot of fun to drive.



SUPERB HANDLING CHARACTERISTICS.
The GLC Sedan's excellent handling is demonstrated by the scores it achieved in two important tests, the skidpad and the slalom course.

On the skidpad, it withstood a lateral force of 0.729g, and through the slalom it reached a speed of 56.2 mph.



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*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom Sedan with 4-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary with trip length speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GLC Custom Sedan. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

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POLAND

Convoking the Three Estates

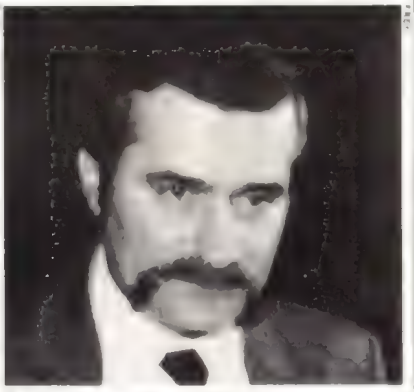
Hopes rise slightly as church, union and government meet

Icy winds whipped around Gdansk's 14th century gothic town hall last week, but the real storm was within. Lech Walesa, 38, faced one of the toughest challenges to his leadership of Solidarity, Poland's independent trade union federation. The occasion: a meeting of Solidarity's 107-member national commission. The task: to react to Walesa's announcement that he would join in an unprecedented tripartite summit meeting with Poland's Premier, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, and Roman Catholic Primate, Archbishop Jozef Glemp. The meeting would consider the country's explosive political and economic plight

Archbishop Jozef Glemp

Soldier-Statesman Wojciech Jaruzelski

"What we need is social order."



Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa

There was no doubt among Solidarity's leaders that Walesa should attend the session. What was at issue was whether he should be authorized to negotiate alone on the behalf of the entire diverse union. "We want democracy, not a dictatorship!" yelled one commission member above the raucous uproar at the meeting. Shouted Radical Jan Rolicz, who is challenging Walesa's current efforts to hold back the organization he helped to found: "The time has come to think about a personnel change in the union, even though Walesa is still a symbol of unity." Jozef Dudek, another radical from southern Poland, declared that sending Walesa to the summit talk was tantamount to "letting a single individual represent 10 million people." At that remark, Walesa snapped back. Said he: "I will represent 10 million members. Jaruzelski will represent the government, and Primate Glemp will represent the church."

When radicals introduced a motion calling for broader union representation at future negotiations with the government, Walesa jumped up, waved his arms and shouted angrily: "All right, let's vote that we don't want talks with the Primate and the Premier." Tears rolled down his cheeks as he yelled: "But then you go and explain your vote to the nation."

There was no reply. Walesa stalked out of the meeting to his car and sped 170 miles to Archbishop Glemp's residence in Warsaw, where the pair had a long talk before going to see Jaruzelski.

The general treated the union leader far more courteously than his own membership. The soldier-politician met Walesa at the door of the government's Parkowa guest house and personally escorted him inside.

The meeting was historic. For the first time, Poland's Communist Party in effect was admitting that it could not solve the country's simmering problems without the help of both Solidarity and the Catholic Church. The session of the representatives of the three estates went on for two hours and 20 minutes. At the end, Walesa came away with an offer from Jaruzelski to open negotiations on a wide range of social and economic issues, including Solidarity's key demands for an important role in running the economy and the right to publish its views without censorship. Jaruzelski also discussed with Walesa and the Archbishop his plan to involve government, church and union in a national front for permanent dialogue, a consultative forum composed of leading Polish social and political figures, but one that stopped far short of being a national coalition government.

As he left Warsaw and later departed for Rome for talks with Pope John Paul II, the Archbishop said that he thought that the situation "was clearing up. I'm a little more optimistic. What we need is social order. We need authority and we need work. It was for that reason that we had our meeting."

Order certainly was not what Walesa faced when he returned to the unruly Solidarity meeting, which had continued in rump session while he was taking part in the discussions in Warsaw. There was still a touch of the mutinous mood when Walesa took the podium to make a report. Said he "The authorities have stated that they are prepared to undertake talks on all problems important for the Poles." But he warned that Jaruzelski expected both sides to make compromises.

To demonstrate Solidarity's good faith, Walesa repeated his call for an end to Poland's current welter of strikes. Earlier in the week, he had persuaded the 120,000-member chapter in Tarnobrzeg Province to end a ten-day walkout, but approximately 160,000 workers remained idle throughout the country.

In the end, Solidarity's radical factions won the day. The commission declared that Walesa's negotiations had been a "positive step," but it refused to help in reining in the strikers. Then the commission set a three-month deadline for success in the forthcoming negotiations with Jaruzelski and threatened to call a general strike if there were no satisfactory results by that time. Walesa's main victory was to obtain an endorsement of a statement that Solidarity would be ready to "make concessions and seek compromises justified by the supreme good of Polish society."

Walesa and Jaruzelski increasingly face the problem of being hamstrung by their hard-line factions. The severity of the challenge to their respective authorities may sharpen when government-union talks begin, possibly as early as the end of this week, over such Solidarity demands as democratic local elections, worker self-management, and a socio-economic council to monitor the country's industrial performance. The moderate instincts of Walesa and Jaruzelski, as well as those of Poland's Roman Catholic Church, will once again be tested. —*By George Russell. Reported by Roland Flamini/Bonn*

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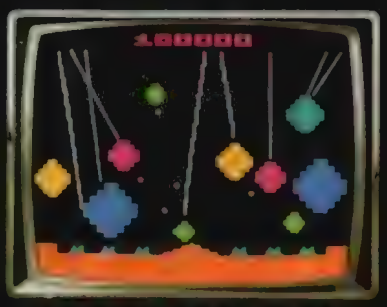

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CHAD

Exit Gaddafi, Enter Mitterrand

Plans for a French-backed force to replace the Libyans

The commander of Libya's occupation forces in the central African nation of Chad received an urgent phone call from his government in Tripoli last week. When he hung up, he told reporters that he had received "an order" from Libya's mercurial strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, to withdraw his troops from Chad. Added the clearly shaken soldier: "We must leave immediately!"

This latest turn in Chad's murky political fortunes was unexpected and, like so many events that have preceded it, open to many interpretations. But if Gaddafi does indeed pull out all his troops, it would clearly be a triumph for the diplomatic tactics of the Socialist government of France's President François Mitterrand.

The news that the Libyans were beginning to leave came as Mitterrand was acting as host to a meeting in Paris of more than 30 African leaders, including a dozen heads of state. Encouraged by Mitterrand, the conference unanimously endorsed a resolution appealing to African states to help set up a multinational African peacekeeping force to move into Chad and to help rebuild the country's army.

Restoring peace to Chad will be a formidable task for Mitterrand and his African allies. A vast country, over twice the size of France but with a population of only 4.6 million, Chad has been torn by a civil war between the Muslims of the north and the black Christians of the south for the better part of two decades. That struggle ended, at least temporarily, in March 1979, when Muslim guerrillas, armed by Gaddafi, finally succeeded in overthrowing President Félix Malloum, one of the two black Christians who had run the country since it gained its independence from France in 1960. Muslim Leaders Goukouni Oueddei and Hissène Habré then shared power in an alliance of eleven factions with Oueddei serving as President and Habré as Defense Minister.

But fighting soon broke out between the armies of the Libyan-backed Oueddei and the French-backed Habré. The struggle continued off and on, killing thousands and ravaging the country's riverside capital of N'Djamena, until November 1980, when Gaddafi dispatched to Chad a contingent of 4,000 troops, complete with tanks, rocket launchers, mortars, helicopters and MiG-25 fighters, to support Oueddei. Habré quickly agreed to a cease-fire and fled. Gaddafi, who dreams of creating a sub-Saharan Islamic republic from Senegal on the Atlantic to the Sudan on the Red Sea, announced a month later that Libya would "merge" with its southern neighbor.

The declaration appalled most African governments in the area, as well as the French. Habré and his little army took refuge in the border area between Chad and the Sudan and began to launch periodic raids. What was not realized at the time was that Gaddafi's announcement also alarmed Chad's President Oueddei, who sought a way of escaping Libya's smothering embrace. He supported a proposal of the 50-nation Organization of African Unity to provide troops that could replace the Libyans, whose numbers by last month had reached an estimated 10,000. Nigeria and Senegal were willing, but nothing came of the plan.

Enter Mitterrand. In an effort to wean Oueddei away from Gaddafi, Mitterrand supported the proposal for an inter-African force, invited Oueddei to Paris, supplied his army with some small arms and repeated an earlier offer to help rebuild the Chadian army in a neighboring country, probably Cameroon. In early October, the French Development Minister, Jean-Pierre Cot, demanded the withdrawal of the Libyans from Chad by the end of the year. Oueddei, bolstered by the French, openly criticized the Libyan presence.

Then Oueddei and his Foreign Minister, Ahmat Acyl, showed up at last week's meeting of African leaders in Paris, although Acyl was rumored to have attempted to overthrow his superior, with the Libyans' connivance, the week before. But all was well, they insisted, and Oueddei said he welcomed the departure of the Libyans.

As usual, Gaddafi's motives were obscure. Was he simply bowing to African pressure, mindful that he is due to become chairman of the Organization of African Unity? Was he leaving so abruptly, weeks before African troops could arrive, in the hope of precipitating a new round of chaos, and thus justifying the past and possibly future role of his troops in Chad? For the time being, the French were being cautious, refusing to celebrate the news of Gaddafi's departure until, as one official put it, "we know what is going on and what is behind it." —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Jordan Bonfante/Paris and Jack E. White/Nairobi*

With a miscellaneous assortment of gear, Libyan soldiers prepare to leave N'Djamena

But one question remained: What precisely were Gaddafi's motives?

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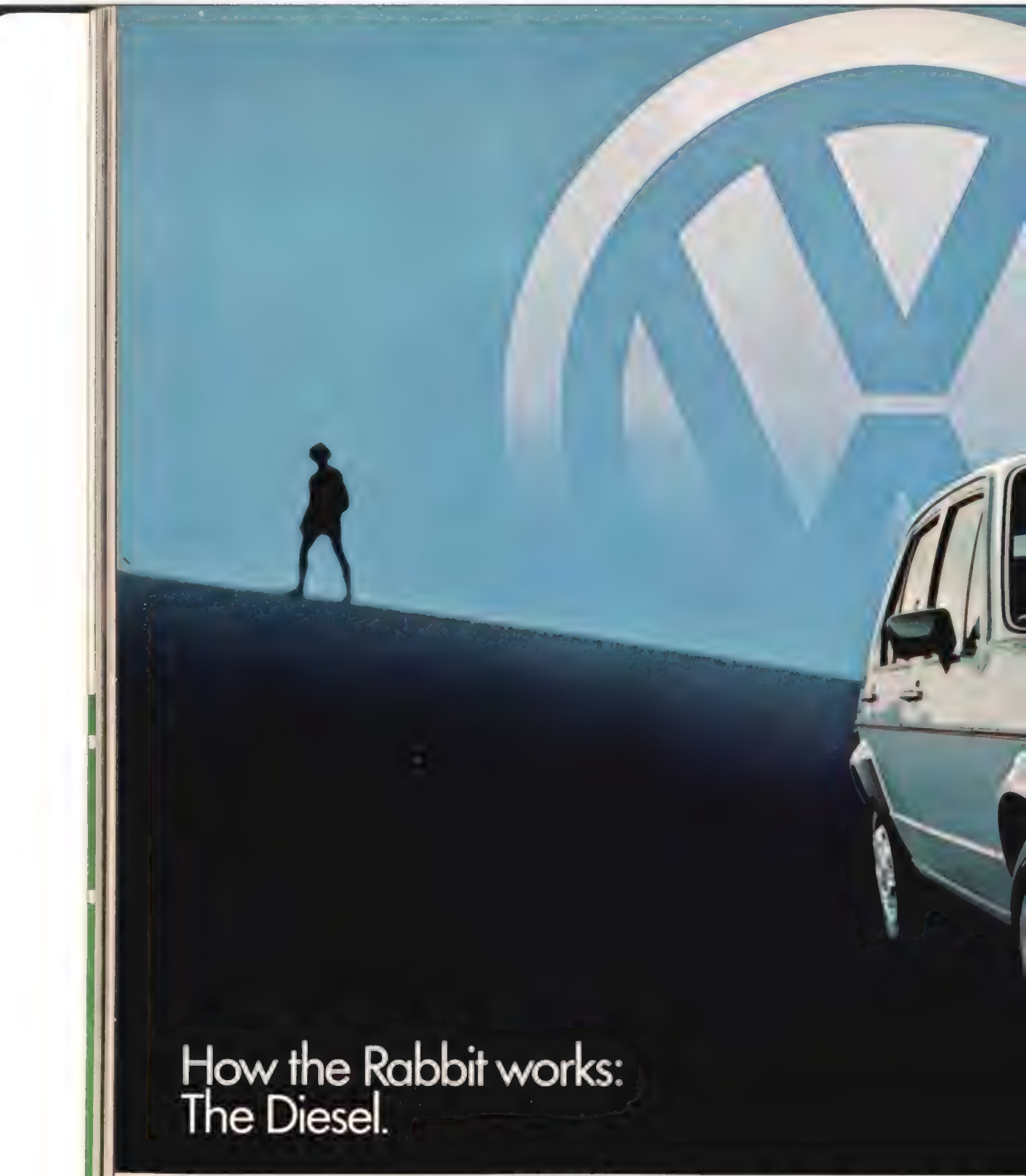

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"Whiskey" without the rocks: the stranded visitor after it was refloated by a salvage mission during a gale that swept the Baltic

SWEDEN

You Must Go Home Again

The released Soviet sub heads for port and hard questions

The antiquated gray submarine was towed part of the way down the channel it had navigated on its own ten days before. Finally it cast off. Then, joining the flotilla of naval vessels hovering anxiously beyond the twelve-nautical-mi. limit, Soviet "Whiskey"-class submarine No. 137 headed for its home base at Baltiysk, near the port of Kaliningrad. So ended, peacefully enough, the diplomatic uproar that began when Sweden discovered the sub on a reef in a restricted military zone only nine miles from Karlskrona, an ultrasensitive naval base on the Baltic Sea. The incursion of the sub, said Prime Minister Thorbjörn Fälldin last week, was "the most flagrant violation of Swedish territory since World War II." Then Fälldin added, "The violation was bad enough, but worse is the fact that the submarine most likely carried nuclear warheads [on its torpedoes], according to our investigations."

Initially, the Swedes had vowed to keep the intruder until the Soviets gave an adequate explanation of how and why its skipper had come to grief only ten yds. from shore, like a careless Sunday yachtsman caught by an ebbing tide. The Swedes scoffed at the Soviets' reported claim that the sub's navigation gear had failed: after all, it had certainly been working well enough to guide the vessel up the channel in the first place. Declared General Lennart Ljung, the Supreme Commander of the Swedish Armed Forces: "I don't think it happened because the gyrocompass broke down. They have many other ways of navigating."

But the Soviets apologized and agreed to pay some $658,000 for the salvage operations and, after some sharp diplomatic words, the Swedes agreed to let the sub go. The episode embarrassed not only the Soviets; the Swedes did not explain how a submarine of 1950s vintage had managed to penetrate its waters undetected until a passing fisherman in a dory looked over and there she was, atop the rocks.

The events leading to the release of the sub were a mixture of high drama and low slapstick. For six days, Commander Pyotr Gushin refused to leave his stranded vessel to talk to the Swedes. Not until Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko allowed Gushin to cooperate did the commander relent. The skipper and his navigation officer emerged, asked for and were allowed permission to shower, and then settled down to claim during a seven-hour interrogation that they had hit the reef because their compass had failed.

Only an hour after Gushin had left the sub, the harsh Baltic elements took an unexpected hand in the plot. Gale winds of up to 85 m.p.h. slammed towering combers against the sides of the sub, cascading tons of water on deck. The 50-man Soviet crew quickly decided it could stand no more. Red flares signaling distress whooshed up from the conning tower, and the radio put out the call "Mayday, Mayday." Under the sea's battering, the submarine developed a 17° list to starboard. The vessel's large electrical storage batteries threatened to leak acid that could fill the hull with poisonous chlorine gas.

The Swedes hurried to the rescue. Harbor Master Uffe Jansson, who went aboard the sub, later said he found the atmosphere "panic-loaded." Said Jansson: "About ten of the men were running in circles around each other." But Gunnar Rasmusson, a Swedish submarine commander for eight years, was sympathetic to the Soviets. Said he: "It's torture to hear how the boat in hard weather slams on the rocks lying right under it. The sound rings through the whole boat. You can't stand still, you can't eat, you can't drink. To be idle locked in a submarine can break anyone."

Finally, after two hours of maneuvering, four Swedish tugboats managed to shunt the sub into a nearby haven. Even then, the Soviets remained skittish: 3½ hours after the rescue, signal flares lit up the night sky. The Swedes dispatched another rescue team. It found no emergency, just anxious crewmen who wanted to know the whereabouts of Commander Gushin and his navigator. Asked one Soviet sailor: "Are they your prisoners?"

Hardly. After his first lengthy questioning, which left the Swedes "not satisfied," Gushin, on orders from his superiors, demanded that further interrogations take place aboard the sub. He continued to stick to his story of flawed navigational equipment. Swedish officials boarded the sub and found the navigational gear in order. They also discovered a surprise. Huddled below decks was the head of the entire Soviet submarine flotilla at Baltiysk.

His presence fueled speculation that the submarine might have been eavesdropping on communications traffic at Karlskrona, or laying underwater navigational beacons in the tricky waters around the Blekinge archipelago, or updating Soviet knowledge of the area (especially since the Swedes habitually misdraw public charts of the sensitive waters, precisely to confuse the Soviets).

The din grew louder with the Swedish announcement that their investigators had become certain that uranium 238 was aboard the sub, leading to the accusation that it probably carried nuclear weapons. To the Swedish charge, the Soviets replied only that the vessel carried the "necessary weapons and ammunition."

The nuclear discovery undermined Moscow's intensive courtship of the Scandinavian countries, aimed at banning nuclear weapons from their territory as a matter of principle. It was the final embarrassment in ten days of humiliation. Normally, a submarine crew, weary of tight quarters, cannot wait to get back to home port. But as Commander Gushin and his crew headed out to sea last week, the voyage of 200 miles to Baltiysk and the waiting Soviet interrogators must have seemed far, far too short. —*By George Russell. Reported by Mary Johnson/Stockholm*

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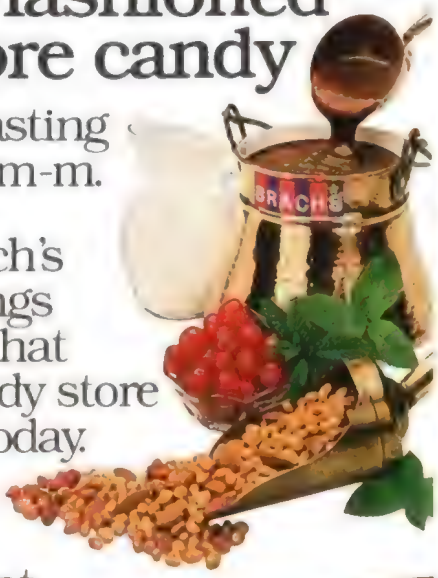

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CANADA

Free at Last

The constitution is coming

In the 13 years since Pierre Elliott Trudeau was first elected Prime Minister, he has had one ambition above all others: to give his vast, fragmented land a constitution that would ensure its survival as a unified state. Last week after he made several important compromises, all but one of the eight provincial premiers who have stonewalled Trudeau's plans for 14 months dropped their opposition. After 114 years, declared the ebullient Prime Minister, "Canada will become, in a technical and legal sense, an independent country." Still, Trudeau faced one important challenge to his dream. The lone holdout against his plan among the ten premiers was René Lévesque, leader of predominantly French-speaking Quebec, who warned, "Never will we accept that our traditional and fundamental powers be removed without our consent."

Since 1867 the basis of Canada's loose federal system has been the British North America (B.N.A.) Act. Over the decades, Britain has retained possession of the B.N.A. Act, primarily because Canadians have not been able to agree on how to amend the statute. Six weeks ago, the Canadian Supreme Court ruled that the government had the right to ask Britain to relinquish the B.N.A. Act, with changes requested by Trudeau. It stressed, however, that Canada's unwritten tradition required "at least a substantial measure of provincial consent."

There was the rub. Trudeau wanted the British to write into the constitution a charter of rights that the premiers feared would impinge upon their present autonomy, which allows them, for instance, to limit the hiring of people who move into their provinces from other areas. Trudeau also wanted the British to add a provision to the act that would limit the rights of the provinces to block constitutional amendments.

Trudeau persuaded nine premiers to accept a charter of rights. But to get an agreement he had to surrender on several points, including the process for amending the constitution. Under the formula, any amendment would have to be approved by at least seven provinces with 50% of the country's population. But any province objecting to an amendment could simply refuse to observe the change.

Lévesque rejected Trudeau's compromise because of his bitter opposition to a point in the charter of rights that Trudeau considers basic: the right of English- and French-speaking minorities in provinces dominated by the other language to be educated in their mother tongue. Lévesque's government has been passing legislation restricting the use of English in commerce as well as education.

Quebec's opposition will not stop the Canadian Parliament from calling upon the British Parliament to transfer the B.N.A. Act, complete with the new amending formula and charter of rights, to Ottawa. No real trouble is expected in London now that Trudeau has satisfied the concerns of the Canadian Supreme Court. Still, the compromise left Lévesque, whose *Parti Québecois* favors independence for the French-speaking province, disquietingly isolated and the course of his future actions in doubt. "Quebec finds itself alone," he declared. "It will be up to the Quebec people to draw their conclusions." ■

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau
"Canada will become independent."

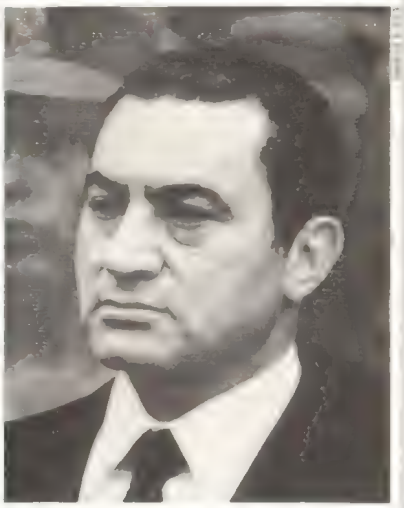
EGYPT

The Assassins

Cairo reveals their plots

FIVE GROUPS PARTICIPATED IN TERRORIST ORGANIZATION TO SEIZE POWER, cried the headline in Cairo's semiofficial newspaper *Al Ahram*. Last week, in a kind of interim report on its investigations into the assassination of Anwar Sadat, government officials said the plot was far wider than had originally been suspected. Right after the killing, officials had insisted that only four men were involved. But according to President Hosni Mubarak, who succeeded Sadat, at least 700 people were part of a web of revolutionaries whose general aim was to overthrow the government. Said Mubarak: "Security in our country is my first concern."

Mubarak's government, which is clearly trying to arouse public sentiment against Muslim extremists, claims that the five groups were all fundamentalist organizations linked by a conspiracy "to fight the government and seize power." The ambitions of the conspirators were thwarted on Sept. 25, when many were arrested during Sadat's wide-ranging crackdown on dissenters. Concluding that they were not strong enough to stage a coup, the plotters reportedly concentrated on just assassinating the President. After his death, they also thought of dropping bombs from rooftops on the funeral procession as it wound its way through Cairo's streets. As it turned out, the funeral was held on the carefully guarded parade grounds because of the government's fears that precisely such tactics might be used.



President Hosni Mubarak
"Security is my first concern."

The plotters were well financed and well armed. One ringleader of the group, Abboud Zomor, an ex-army major who deserted, was said to have plotted several ways of killing Sadat. He considered shooting the President at his rest house in the Nile Delta. He also thought of exploding a truckload of butane gas on a Cairo street as Sadat drove by.

According to the government, the plan that the conspirators eventually put into effect was the work of an electrical engineer named Abdel Sallam Sallah Farag. He suggested having First Lieut. Khaled Ahmed Shawki el-Istambuli, a member of the *Takfir wa Hijra* (Atonement and Holy Flight) group, and three others shoot Sadat at the military-day parade. This plan was approved by Abboud Zomor in his hideout near the pyramids of Giza. It was also sanctioned by a fundamentalist group in the southern city of Asyut, which had launched attacks on police stations in Asyut soon after Sadat was killed. Finally, the plan was accepted by the plotters' spiritual leader, a blind mufti named Omar Ahmed Abdel Rahman, who had $20,000 in crisp new bills concealed in his underclothing when he was arrested after the assassination.

Once Sadat had been killed, a leader of the group, Dr. Amin Youssef el Demeri, asked Abboud Zomor to delay any move to overthrow the government until a more careful plan could be worked out. Whether the conspirators were strong enough to take over at that point is doubtful. In any case, security forces moved in and arrested many of the plotters before they could take further action. ■

Their mission scrubbed, Astronauts Engle and Truly return from the launch pad disappointed

Gunk Grounds the Second Shuttle

Columbia's *new mission is aborted 31 seconds before lift-off*

Two days before blastoff, preparations for the second launching of the space shuttle *Columbia* were "just going bang, bang, bang," according to Deke Slayton, manager of NASA's shuttle test program. Things were running so far ahead of schedule, in fact, that most workers at the Kennedy Space Center were given a morning off. Even the astronauts, Air Force Colonel Joe H. Engle, 49, and Navy Captain Richard H. Truly, 44 this week, would have time for "goofing off," Slayton noted. As a crowd of half a million gathered at Cape Canaveral, the only apparent clouds on the horizon were the clouds on the horizon—an Atlantic storm that could pose a landing problem should the mission have to abort. But the go-ahead was given and the final countdown begun. Only in its last nine minutes did the mechanical elements start to bluster

At T-minus-nine minutes, a slight drop in liquid-oxygen pressure was detected in the huge 526,000-gal. external fuel tank and in one of three oxygen tanks carried aboard the orbiter. Flight Director Neil Hutchinson at Mission Control in Houston stopped the countdown and consulted other technicians. The problem did not seem serious. Pressure in the tanks could be adjusted by warming the oxygen with on-board heaters. Ground computers guiding the launch were instructed to ignore the pressure drop, and the countdown continued

Next, a loss of pressure was recorded in a second on-board tank. Again, the computers were told to proceed. But when the third tank registered the same problem, only 40 seconds remained before liftoff. Before the computers could be redirected, they had shut down the launch at T-minus-31 seconds. "It was a race between finger time and electronic time," said NASA Spokesman Rocky Raab. "Electronics won."

Mission Control resolved to try again, but a new mechanical storm cloud soon appeared. Two oil filters, closely resembling the ones used in automobiles, had become clogged with gunk. As a result, two of the shuttle's three auxiliary power units—hydraulic devices crucial to entering orbit and landing—were questionable.

The trouble was not unfamiliar. "We have had a history of contaminants clogging the system," admitted a technician at Kennedy. NASA engineers had even included a bypass around the oil filters just in case. Such clogging is usually caused by a leak in liquid hydrazine, the auxiliary power units' fuel. Hydrazine reacts with lubricating oil to form waxy polymers, or gunk. Despite this hazard, prelaunch preparations did not include an oil change; the two jammed systems were running on the same oil used in last April's shuttle mission. Significantly, the oil in the one working system was fresh.

At week's end, NASA officials rescheduled the launch for this Thursday after determining that the oil systems were in working order. This was scant consolation to the Detroit *News*. A front-page story headlined *COLUMBIA* DOES AN ENCORE appeared in some of last Wednesday's editions, describing the "perfect launch" in glowing detail. This week, with a little luck and good Floridian weather, both the *News* and NASA might get it right. ■

Venus' Omen

Some hot times on earth?

As Carl Sagan likes to point out, ou planetary neighbor Venus seems les the goddess of love than the incarnatio of hell. Wrapped in a dense carbo dioxide atmosphere with clouds of su furic acid, it is a Dantesque world whe surface temperatures reach a lea melting 900° F and atmospheric pre sures are 90 times greater than those c earth. In so grim an environment no li could exist.

Yet because Venus is such an infern the heavenly goddess has held a speci fascination for scientists. Why, they wo der, has a planet so close to earth and s like it in size and density evolved into world so vastly different and hostile? La week at a conference sponsored by NASA Ames Research Center, they provide new insights into Venus—and some warn ings about the earth's own future.

Much of their information com from an unmanned Pioneer spac craft. Since it began orbiting Ven three years ago, it has studied the pla et's weather by photographing changi cloud patterns and lifted its veil with radar beacon, mapping 93% of Venu shrouded surface. Though the planet h continent-size land masses topped by mountain a mile higher than Everest, does not seem to be rent by the earth major mountain builder: continent drift. Rather, the key tectonic proce appears to be volcanism, accompani by lightning, flows of lava and an othe worldly version of earthquakes.

Still, as dissimilar as Venus is fro earth, scientists see its history as a ca tionary tale. They warn that if carb dioxide continues to build up in t earth's atmosphere as rapidly as it h in the past few decades from burni wood and fossil fuels, the atmosphe will become increasingly like that of V nus. Sunlight will still beat dow through the atmosphere, but the C will block heat from radiating back in space, raising global temperatures, me ing polar ice and flooding coastal citi Says NASA's James Pollack, a planeta scientist: "It's a very real possibility."

Since Venus provides a planet-s lab for studying such a calamity, sci tists want more missions to the plan But Administration budget cutters m scuttle the next Venus flight. The So ets, who have made Venus a major t get of study, should help. They have j sent off two more probes. Both are e pected to land on the scorching surfa and scoop up samples for quick che cal analysis, radioing back their findi in the hour or so before the ships exp in the Venusian hothouse.

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Photographed at Lake Beauvert, Jasper, Canada.

Russia's Tsar Nicholas II with his wife Alexandra, their son and four daughters

A New St. Nicholas for Russians

Exile church canonizes the last Tsar and 30,000 other martyrs

Tsar Nicholas II, the last emperor of Russia, would seem to some an unlikely candidate for sainthood. He consulted faith healers, intervened highhandedly in church affairs and ruled with a sublime ineffectiveness that helped pave the way for the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution. But last week in New York City, Tsar Nicholas, his wife Alexandra, their son and four daughters, all murdered in 1918 by the Bolsheviks, became saints. In an unprecedented ceremony of glorification, they, along with some 30,000 other Russian Orthodox Christians killed by the Soviets, were named "martyrs" and canonized by the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia, a strongly anti-Communist offshoot that claims 270,000 adherents, including 150,000 in the U.S.

Orthodox theology stresses martyrdom as a sign of holiness in a potential saint. Determination of sainthood is a much less formal matter than in the Roman Catholic Church, where a lengthy, legalistic procedure emphasizes an exemplary moral life and the performance of miracles after death. An Orthodox candidate need only have suffered and died for the faith, and the Orthodox communion of saints includes hundreds of thousands of such martyrs

The Tsar, who ruled Russia for 23 years, also served as temporal leader of the Russian Orthodox Church. His killing thus has a special significance for a church that refuses to acknowledge the present Patriarch of Moscow because of his subservience to an atheistic regime responsible for the deaths of as many as 12 million Christians. The murder of the imperial family was "not merely an act of political reprisal," wrote Metropolitan Philaret, the church's New York City–based leader, in a special epistle on the canonization, "but an act principally of the spiritual annihilation of Russian Orthodoxy."

The mass canonization came about after the church obtained from inside the Soviet Union a document verifying the circumstances of thousands of martyrs' deaths. Most died in slave-labor camps. For the final ceremony, 1,000 clergy and laity turned up, including Prince Vladimir, the Pretender to the Russian throne, and many converts: an Arab abbess, a Sioux priest from South Dakota, and two Japanese seminarians. They all jammed into Park Avenue's handsome, red-brick Cathedral of Our Lady of the Sign, which was decorated with hundreds of white, red and blue carnations, the colors of the tsarist flag. Most stood patiently for five hours as two choirs intoned a hymn to the new saint *(We glorify you, O Martyred Tsar)*, and gazed at a new icon commissioned for the canonization. It features Nicholas, Alexandra, and their offspring Alexis, Olga, Tatiana, Maria, and the elusive Anastasia, who some observers feel survived the family slaughter. For the first time, the faithful prayed not for Nicholas' soul, but for his intercession in their behalf, as a friend of God. For the new St. Nicholas, toppled from one of the earthly realm's most powerful thrones, it was quite a comeback. ■

Chilly Climate

A troubled group's new head

The National Council of Churches was born in Cleveland in 1950 with a blizzard raging outside the hall, but with sizzling enthusiasm coming from the 4,000 delegates inside. Last week the weather in Cleveland was warmer, but the social and religious climate had turned chilly as the N.C.C. celebrated a belated 30th anniversary and mulled its many woes. The loudly trumpeted "Ecumenical Event" was supposed to draw 2,000-plus clergy and lay leaders. Instead, only 900 showed up.

For years the N.C.C. has appeared to be little more than the Americans for Democratic Action at prayer, parroting a liberal political line. Appropriately, its newest antagonist is the Institute on Religion and Democracy, an ecclesiastical clone of the secular neoconservative movement. The I.R.D.'s leader, a Methodist minister, charged last week that the N.C.C. is "captive to a left-wing philosophy which is not compatible with what most members of local churches believe."

The N.C.C. is facing a constricted ecumenical base. Its 32 denominations boast 40 million members, which covers most Orthodox adherents but only 52% of U.S. Protestants. The Roman Catholic Church is not a member. Nor is the moderate American Lutheran Church, which has invited heads of 89 denominations to consider forming a broader church council.

In need of fresh leadership, the N.C.C. chose Methodist Bishop James Armstrong of Indiana for a three-year term as president. Strong-willed and outspoken, Armstrong, 57, is the sort of burly, smiling, old-fashioned doer who can wrangle with opponents while magically retaining their affection.

Armstrong

Armstrong surfaced nationally in 1958 as pastor of a 3,200-member, all-white Indianapolis church in a racially mixed area. Battling some of his own parishioners, he integrated blacks and whites. By 1968, attendance and Sunday school enrollment were at alltime highs. Becoming bishop in the Dakotas, he helped prevent a bloody massacre in 1973 by acting as a mediator when Indians took hostages at Wounded Knee. He also befriended Senator George McGovern, even campaigning for him.

In his inaugural speech to the N.C.C., Armstrong granted the critics a few points but lauded the council's past record and said it would be "irresponsible" to trim or scuttle social programs. "The ecumenical movement is not a lark any more," he later said. "It is hard, demanding business." ■

EDWARD L. LELLO

Physician, clergyman and nurse hold prayer session in Tulsa clinic

When God Talks, Oral Listens

Roberts' City of Faith merges doctoring and prayer

Local politicians, ex-Football Star Roosevelt Grier, and Evangelists Rex Humbard and Pat Robertson attended. Barbara Mandrell sang the national anthem. There was a congratulatory letter from President Reagan. The festivities in Tulsa last week preceded not the kickoff of a football game but the opening of the City of Faith, the $150 million medical complex that Evangelist Oral Roberts claims he built on direct orders from God.

The triple-tower glass-and-steel complex, on an 80-acre site adjacent to Oral Roberts University in south Tulsa, houses a research center, diagnostic clinic and 294-bed hospital containing the latest medical gadgetry, including computerized patient records. There are such amenities as concealed bottles to collect patients' body fluids, and redesigned gowns so that, as one staff member put it, "you're not hanging around with your fanny sticking out."

But the City's main distinction is that it merges medicine and prayer, symbolized by a 60-ft. bronze sculpture of joined hands at the facility's entrance. All doctors and nurses are required to take oaths to "exemplify Christlike character" and abstain from alcohol, tobacco and illegal drugs. While they minister to the flesh, specially trained "prayer partners" tend to the mind and spirit. Says Roberts: "We seek to saturate patient treatment in the atmosphere of the power of prayer, both medicine and prayer becoming a single and continuous act."

The City of Faith will not renounce the hands-on healing that launched Roberts, now 63, to fame 30 years ago. But, insists Orthopedic Surgeon James Winslow, the facility's chief executive officer: "What we're doing here is not a substitute for good medicine. We'll stop the bleeding or patch the air leak in the lung and pray at the same time." No medical procedures are expressly forbidden, but abortions will not be performed for birth control. The facility will draw its patients primarily from Roberts' 3 million followers or "partners," half of whom donated all the money needed for construction.

God's orders to build the City, along with his design specifications, were received in 1977, says Roberts, while he was spending time alone in a Southwest desert following the death of his daughter and her husband in a plane crash. Carrying out the divine instructions was not easy. Roberts tells of devilish obstructions. On a visit to Israel, he says, Satan attempted to tumble him into the Sea of Galilee. There were mundane problems as well. Donations flagged, and local and federal groups objected to the project on grounds that Tulsa was already overloaded with hospital beds.

But in his hour of need, Roberts was not found wanting. Money started to pour in after the evangelist told of a visitation by a 900-ft.-tall Jesus who said, "I told you I would speak to your partners and through them I would build it." And objections were overridden after state officials were hit with thousands of letters from Roberts' followers. The evangelist says he persisted in the four-year effort because if he did not build the City of Faith, "I would be disobedient to God." ■

Towers and praying hands

Capsules

TRANSFORMING BLOOD

Of the four blood groups in humans, type O is the most useful in transfusions. Unlike other blood types—A, B and AB—O can be safely given to nearly everybody. Thus a person with O blood has been dubbed the universal donor. Though 45% of the population are group O, the supply of donated O blood on hand is often not enough to meet needs. If it were possible to convert blood from the other three groups to type O, however, that supply would be dramatically increased. Researchers at the New York Blood Center have taken an important step toward that goal. Experiments directed by Biochemist Jack Goldstein have transformed type B red blood cells to type O. Using a "cutting" enzyme extracted from coffee beans, the researchers clipped a specific sugar molecule away from the surface of B red blood cells, making the cells virtually indistinguishable from those in type O blood.

Preliminary tests are very promising. In volunteers injected with transformed blood, 95% of the converted cells were still in circulation after 24 hours. After one month, 50% of the cells survived, which compares favorably with transfusion of untreated cells. The volunteers suffered no side effects. Researchers are now looking for an enzyme that could change type A cells to type O. Only 10% to 12% of the population belong to group B, compared with 40% type A.

THE MICKEY FINN UPDATED

The Texas businessman was delighted when an attractive woman accepted his invitation for a nightcap in his Manhattan hotel room. But after a couple of drinks, he went blank. When he did not show up for a morning business meeting, his colleagues grew worried. They went to his room and found the Texan wild-eyed, heart pounding and his mouth dry as cotton. He was also hallucinating about little creatures that were trying to get him. Some creatures had already got his money, credit cards and jewelry.

The old Mickey Finn ploy? Yes, but the visitor had fallen victim to a new and dangerous twist. In the past two years, New York hustlers have drugged scores of affluent-looking men (and a few women) not with the usual chloral hydrate—a sedative that simply makes a person drunk more quickly—but with scopolamine. This nervous-system depressant is normally used as a preoperative drug. It is also an ingredient in some prescription eye drops. Dr. Lewis Goldfrank, director of emergency services at Bellevue Hospital, who discovered the larcenous trend and sees several cases a week, warns that the drug could cause heart arrest or coma. His advice: "People should listen to their mothers and not take drinks from strangers."

Border Battle

A child is torn

In legal jargon she is called Baby Girl, Alien No. A21324657. The day after she was born to a Mexican mother in a Tijuana hospital, she was carried away by an American couple. Adopted, say the couple; kidnaped, says the mother. In the six years since then, a bitter, tangled legal battle has been fought over the custody of the bright and friendly child, piling up proceedings in seven U.S. courts alone and calling for Solomonic choices between two families, two nationalities, two cultures.

The mother is Angela Macias-Rosales, 34, who, with her common-law husband, runs a small restaurant near Tijuana. She has been dramatized in the Mexican press as "*Madre sufrida sin hija*" (long-suffering mother without daughter). The Americans are Mark Johns, 42, and his wife Eileen, 39, who in 1975 traveled to Tijuana from their home in Fremont, Calif., to adopt a baby. Whether a transaction occurred and how legitimate it may have been remain murky. What is known is that the Johnses crossed back over the border with the child, whom they named Cynthia. A Mexican judge, acting on Macias-Rosales' complaint, issued a warrant for Mark Johns on a kidnaping charge.

In the U.S., justice moved slowly. Cindy had celebrated her third birthday before immigration authorities finally

Mexican-born Cindy Johns in the U.S.

Two sets of parents and twice kidnaped.

ruled that there had been no legal adoption and she should be deported. Johns, a medical laboratory consultant who has sometimes posed as a doctor, quickly moved his family to Florida. Soon thereafter, lawyers for Macias-Rosales found them, and a flurry of activity ensued in state and federal courts, resulting in a deadlock. In early 1980 the Immigration and Naturalization Service again ordered deportation and got Cindy, kicking and screaming, as far as Miami International Airport before a federal judge intervened.

Five months later, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit invalidated all prior INS proceedings. The reason: while the feuding parents had attorneys, no one represented Cindy, which the court found to be a denial of due process. A judge picked Miami Attorney Theodore Klein, 41, to be Cindy's guardian, instructing him to determine which outcome would be in the child's best interest and to press for it with the INS and in the courts.

It was a tough assignment. A psychological evaluation of Macias-Rosales indicated that she would be a good parent, but other consultants recommended that the Johnses keep Cindy because a strong bond had formed between them. Some also noted another barrier to life in Mexico: Cindy speaks no Spanish. After a year, Klein concluded that the child should be reared by the Johnses, mainly because of educational opportunities in this country. Klein's critics accused him of cultural bias and insisted that U.S. courts had no business ruling on the fate of a child who was in this country illegally. Some complained that the Johnses were being rewarded for having flouted the law long enough to strengthen their emotional-bond argument.

Now it appears that the legal wrangle may have been an empty exercise. In September, as both sides prepared for a further INS hearing, Macias-Rosales flew to Miami and went to visit Cindy, who had been living for more than 18 months in a "neutral" foster home in Fort Lauderdale. Says Macias-Rosales' attorney, Elizabeth Baker of Miami: "It was a very emotional reunion. Cindy read to her and showed off her dolls." Later they went for a walk. And never returned. Subsequently, Attorney Baker confirmed that Cindy was in a "nice

He Wrecks to Win

Oklahoma City Attorney John Merritt had a problem. He had to prove that his now paralyzed client had been going only 45 m.p.h., the legal limit, when he wrecked his car trying to avoid a county maintenance truck parked just over the crest of a hill. The defendants, owners of the truck, insisted that the driver must have been doing more than 85 m.p.h. A solution came to Merritt one day as he watched Hollywood Stunt Man Alan Gibbs put a car through a midair roll on TV. Why not have Gibbs re-enact the accident on videotape? That was fine with Gibbs, 40, a specialist in motorized mayhem whose credits include racing, spinning and virtually flying Burt Reynolds' Pontiac Trans Am in the 1977 film *Smokey and the Bandit*.

Though Gibbs has not yet re-created the county truck accident, he has wrecked three $3,000 Chevrolet Vegas and a $4,300 Harley-Davidson motorcycle in the interests of Merritt's clients. His fee: anywhere from $2,500 to $15,000. The motorcycle case grew out of an accident that killed both the driver and a passenger after the vehicle went out of control. The passenger's family retained Merritt to sue the manufacturer, claiming that the accident occurred when one side of a poorly designed handle bar gave way and the driver lost his balance. Merritt based his argument on the cycle's skid marks. For videotaped proof, Gibbs roared around a paved cycle track, went into a long, heart-stopping skid and crashed. Harley-Davidson settled out of court for $174,000.

ALAN ZANGER

Stunt Man Gibbs crashes his cycle to make legal points

Personal injury cases are famed in legal circles for generating splashy, new ways of highlighting evidence. Merritt's tactic may well be copied by other plaintiffs' lawyers—when the stakes are high enough to justify the production cost. But Merritt does have one nagging concern. Though delighted with his unusual expert, he concedes, "I worry about Gibbs sometimes. I don't want to kill him for the sake of a client."

quiet place" in Mexico with her mother and a younger brother and sister. The Johnses and their attorney are outraged. Says Klein, with more detachment: "It is an irony that it ended with a kidnap, the same way it started."

Then again this may not be the end. Klein has filed kidnap charges with the Fort Lauderdale police, and last week a federal judge ordered a hearing on contempt charges against Macias-Rosales. But, of course, Cindy may be beyond the reach of U.S. courts. Mark Johns once vowed: "I will never let Cindy out of my sight. If they send her to Mexico, I'll take Eileen and go and move in right next door, I guarantee you." They just may have to do that. ■

Briefs

HARD CASH FOR VICTIMS OF CRIME

In Missouri, if crime does not pay, criminals will. Twenty-six dollars to be exact. Under a state law that went into effect last month, any person convicted of any crime is automatically required to pay $26 into a crime-victim compensation fund. The curious amount, which includes $1 to defray the court's collecting expenses, was chosen because it was considered a debt to society that almost any criminal could afford to pay. Supporters of the measure estimate that approximately $250,000 will be raised annually. Crime victims and survivors can collect a maximum of $10,000 for hospital bills not covered by insurance or for loss of income, although payments will not begin until 1983 to allow the fund to accumulate. More than half the states now have programs to compensate crime victims, and the idea had been bandied about in Missouri for four years. But it did not get anywhere until supporters heard that Pennsylvania, like a dozen other states, was raising the money for the victims by fining the victimizers. In these tax-tightening times, that sort of "sock-it-to-the-criminal" idea is likely to spread beyond the Show Me state.

THERE GOES THE JUDGE

Judge Constantine P. (Dick) Lantz, 47, was all set for his inauguration as president of the American Judges Association, a nationwide organization of city, county, state and federal judges. The newest Supreme Court Justice, Sandra Day O'Connor, had accepted his invitation to swear him in. But three days before the ceremony, several newspaper stories reported that Lantz had been reprimanded last October for judicial misconduct by Florida's Judicial Qualifications Commission; their action and a $3,000 fine was upheld by a unanimous vote of the state supreme court. In a plea bargain that got 13 charges against him reduced to four, a teary-eyed Lantz admitted that while on the bench, he "was guilty of arrogance and failed to exhibit patience, courtesy and dignity to litigants." He had also been accused of such judicial peccadillos as eating and talking on the telephone while presiding in court. The judge did not contest a charge that he had attempted to solicit a campaign contribution from a Miami lawyer who practiced frequently in his court, nor did he refute another charge that he granted a $10,700 legal fee to a friend after the man had withdrawn as an attorney in the case. When this news broke, Justice O'Connor suddenly developed a "calendar conflict," and on the eve of the A.J.A. ceremony two weeks ago, Lantz announced his resignation because "the adverse publicity would interfere with my effectiveness as president." But a question remains. How come a man who had been rated the worst local judge in a 1980 poll of the Dade County Bar Association was elected to the A.J.A.'s top spot in the first place?

NOW, PATIENT RECALLS?

Skyrocketing medical malpractice insurance rates have turned many doctors into devout lawyer haters. And the M.D.s may soon get even angrier because a bimonthly legal magazine, *Case & Comment*, is touting yet another "new frontier in medical malpractice": the duty of a physician to warn former patients of any newly discovered danger in drugs or devices that the doctor prescribed in previous years. The magazine article dredges up a little noted 1978 California Court of Appeals decision called *Tresemer* vs. *Barke*, which involved the notorious Dalkon Shield intrauterine device. Within two years after Donna Sue Tresemer had a shield inserted in 1972, researchers were learning that the device could be dangerous, but Dr. Morton Barke never contacted Tresemer to warn her. When she finally did have it removed in 1975, she suffered complications that, her lawyer claimed, entitled her to damages from the doctor. A California appeals court endorsed the theory and ruled, apparently for the first time, that a malpractice suit could succeed in such a case because of the "continuing status of the physician-patient [relationship] where the danger arose from that relationship." Tresemer's case ultimately ended without any award of damages for other, unrelated reasons. But the principle stands. Will attorneys try to expand it in other courts? After hearing about the *Case & Comment* article, Stanley Schwartz, a top Detroit medical malpractice lawyer, fairly bubbled over. "If read broadly, the case could change the way doctors practice medicine; it would cause them to search their files to find patients treated years ago," he says. "At first it may seem ridiculous. On the other hand, if the doctors don't warn the patients, who will? If GM has to recall cars, why shouldn't doctors have to recall patients?" ■

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Platform for Singles

A slick magazine brings cheerleaders and Redfords together

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Aaah! But a bit too good to be true? Not at all. The ad accurately depicts the appearance, personality and interests of FHO1172, a.k.a. Suzanne Douglas. In fact, Douglas, who is founder, publisher and editor in chief of a slick, sophisticated monthly magazine called *Intro* ("The Single Source for Single People"), inserted the ad for herself in the March issue. It pulled 50 replies, including a letter from a divorced Chicago entrepreneur who was last seen flying warm, gentle, sensuous Suzanne in his own twin-engine Piper Navajo to Mackinac Island for the weekend. "Why," asks Publisher Douglas, "should the cobbler go barefoot?" Why, indeed?

With some 59 million unmarried adults* in the U.S., Douglas is convinced that most are desperately lonely. Says she: "The bestseller *Living Alone & Liking It* is nonsense. People don't live alone and like it. They live alone as a compromise. It's miserable being alone." To remedy that, many singles seek out partners of the opposite sex at work, parties, health clubs, concerts, museums and supermarkets, lectures, checkout counters and a myriad of other activities. And, asks Douglas (who visited a singles bar once and hated it and who is "not into sweaty sports"): "What happens then? You end up sitting at home waiting for the phone to ring, but it won't because no one knows you're there." Says she: "Loving and being loved is what it's all about." Douglas maintains that attractive people are the most likely to be lonely: "Back in college we used to call this the cheerleader syndrome, meaning that the prettiest girl has the fewest dates because everyone assumes she already has one."

*Of these, according to an analysis of the 1980 census prepared by Simmons Market Research Bureau, 54% have never been married, 18% are divorced, 5% separated and 22% widowed. Some 25 million are men, and nearly 34 million are women.

Born Susan Anne Potter in Dunsmuir, Calif., Douglas has been thrice married and enjoyed a highly successful career as a publishing executive (*Women Sports*) before starting her own magazine sales and marketing firm in Los Angeles. In 1976 boredom tempted her to put a personal ad ("dynamic career woman, tall, blonde . . .") in a cheap tabloid for singles. "My personal life was on hold," she says.

To her surprise she got 90 responses, including three "real possibilities" and three marriage proposals. "And then it hit me," she recalls. "A classy life-style magazine that you could have on your coffee table, one that wouldn't come in a plain brown wrapper." With enthusiastic support from former publishing colleagues, Douglas spent more than a year formulating her magazine and then raised close to $2 million to launch it. The first issue, in August 1980, ran 177 personal ads free; the October 1981 *Intro* ran 1,077 personals at an average cost of $25 each.

Printed on heavy magazine paper, with a handsome color cover, *Intro* ($1.50 a copy) runs well-illustrated feature stories that range from lively to giddy. Examples: "If At Flirt You Don't Succeed . . .", "The Love Game: Winning Without Keeping Score"; "Practical Pets to Fit Your Life Style" (fins-down winners are fish). Regular departments cover travel, fashion, finance, food, music, film and books, and there is a column for single parents and a chatty publisher's letter by Douglas, who is prone to such breathless confessions as "I created *Intro* to solve *my own* social problems, but wanted to let all of you in on the fun, too." The magazine, put together by Editor Jim Yaeger, boasts a staff of consultants on subjects ranging from child psychology to skin care.

Founder-Publisher-Editor Suzanne Douglas
"Why should the cobbler go barefoot?"

Intro's main attraction, of course, is the personal ad section, divided into geographical segments and called "R.S.V.P." The ads cost $15 for the first 30 words and must be in good taste. Also anonymous. The hefty center section (40 pages in October) does not run sexually explicit language or code words such as *dominant* or *submissive*. No ads are knowingly accepted from homosexuals or married people. All replies to ads are opened and screened by *Intro*, which rejects any it finds offensive. "What we've done," says Douglas, "is revive the art of the handwritten love letter." By the time correspondents meet, Douglas says, "they're already over the first date because they know so much about each other."

A slight majority of those who place personals are men. Most draw a creditable picture of themselves: sensitive, traveled, adventurous, well educated, fond of outdoor sports, sunsets, music, conversation and dining out. Many note that they are nonsmokers and drink moderately, if at all. Backpacking seems to be a prime recreation. For the most part, they picture themselves as moderately attractive. One male describes himself as "better than Redford," but another confesses he is "devastatingly average." Next to physical appearance, the most frequently mentioned attraction is financial security. In a recent letter to the editor, one reader complained of the emphasis on cosmetics and financial success. "People living in the back country of Idaho don't place a whole lot of stock in 'handsome' and 'pretty,' " he wrote. "I sure wish 'honest' would appear more often."

Intro, which began national distribution on newsstands in July, plans to start East and West editions to accommodate the surge of personal ads; the magazine is also attracting some national advertising. It is aimed unabashedly at the upwardly mobile with incomes above $20,000 a year. Publisher Douglas, who owns 51% of *Intro*, predicts that it will be in the black with next February's issue. "Love is a big seller," Douglas points out. "All you have to do is listen to popular music—I need it, I want it, I'm going to get it. I don't know any swinging singles. Everyone just wants love." —***By Michael Demarest. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles***

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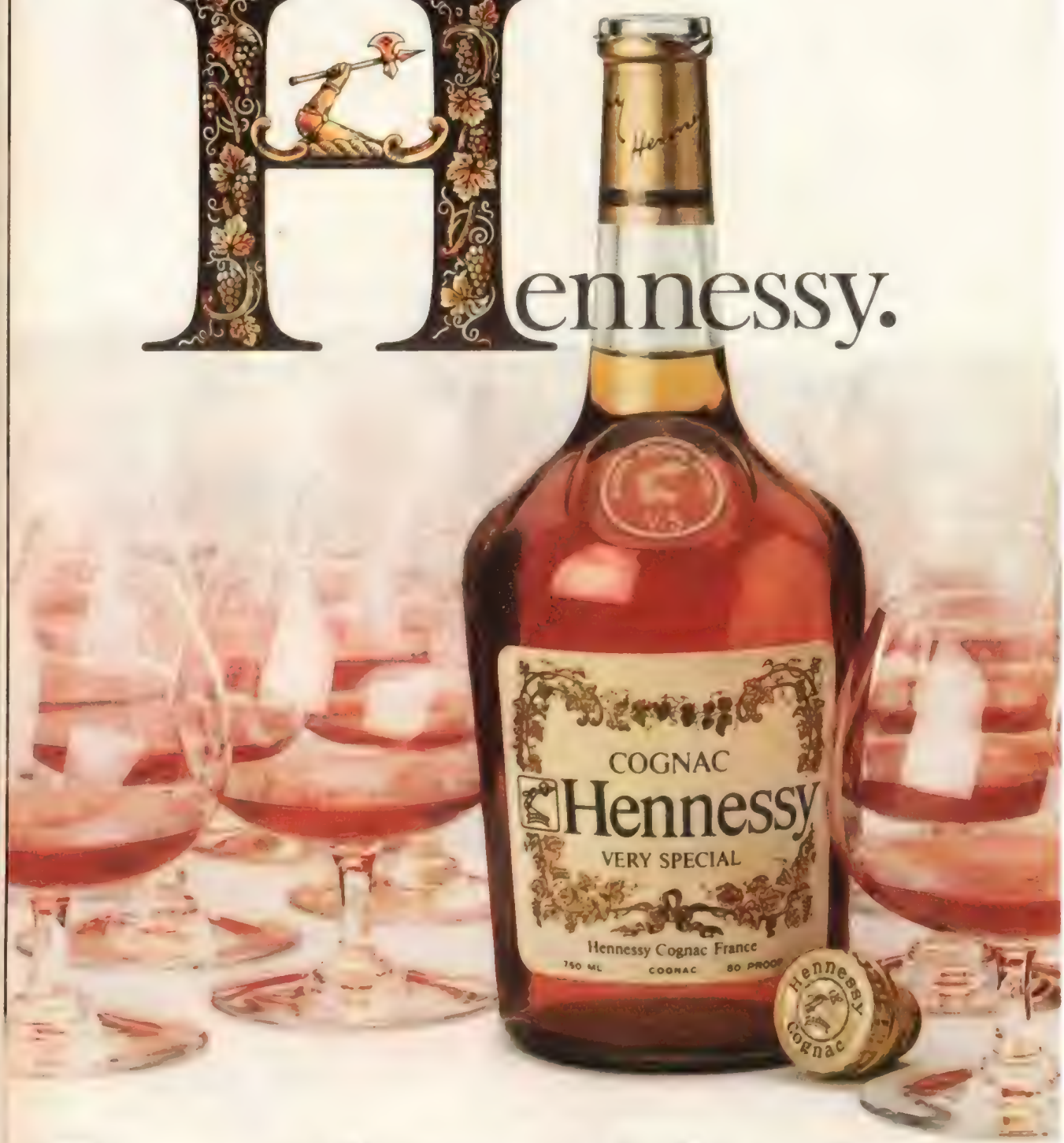

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The Challenge: **Observations of fur, fin and feather, plus his pushing of the "pathetic fallacy," made him a hero**

Art

Resurrection of a Sentimentalist

Edwin Landseer, seen afresh, had wallop with the pathos

Twenty-five years ago, everyone knew Sir Edwin Landseer was as dead as a shot stag—dispatched, as it were, by the bullets of postimpressionism and "significant form." Even ten years ago, the idea that a major museum might commit itself to a resurrection of his work would have seemed, if not absurd, at least improbable. Realist revivals were one thing—but *Landseer?* Yet here he is, in an exhibit that opened last month at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and will go on to London's Tate Gallery in early 1982. And he has been restored with great care, at much expense, in all his Victorian gloss and tearjerking bluffness. One hears again the squalling pibroch and the coarse jests of whisky millionaires tramping the heather. In this microcosm of gillies and grouse feathers, one is made to see as much moral pathos licked into the pink eye of a rabbit as is pulled by most other Victorian painters from the last act of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is, to put it mildly, quite an experience.

When Landseer died, mad and alcoholic, in 1873, people closed their shops and waited on the London pavements for his cortege to pass by. Flags went to half-staff, and mourning wreaths were placed in the mouths of the four bronze lions which, a few years before, he had sculpted for the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. He was buried in St. Paul's, and his monument bears a stone copy of one of his best-known paintings, an image recognizable to thousands of people who probably could not have identified a Turner, a Blake or even a Constable. *The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, a grief-stricken collie resting its head on its master's coffin.

Artists had drawn animals, of course, since the bisons of Lascaux. But Landseer was the only painter who ever became a court favorite and a national culture hero by painting dogs. He painted other creatures too—ptarmigans and parrots, monkeys, cats, horses, cattle and, especially, deer; there was a time when no cottage parlor or country hall lacked its framed print of Landseer's defiant twelve-point stag, *The Monarch of the Glen*. He also painted people, and his fussy, glass-smooth portraits of his royal patrons, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, are among the most obsequious images of British royalty ever done by a court artist.

Dignity and Impudence

But the dogs made him. Sometimes they were royal dogs, like Victoria's spaniel Dash, or Albert's black greyhound Eos. Sometimes they were proletarian lurchers and terriers. Almost always however, they were moralized. The "pathetic fallacy," the somewhat tiresome habit of affixing human feelings and traits to animals or plants, reached its height in Victorian England. It was Landseer's use of it, along with his extraordinarily realistic observation of fur, fin and feather, that made him a demigod of popular culture.

In paintings like *Dignity and Impudence*, circa 1839, he projected Victorian ideas about social hierarchy and decorum onto animals—partly to satirize human behavior (though very lightly), and mainly to suggest that the divisions of the Victorian world were rooted in the natural order. Art may be the ape of nature; but dogs, so to speak, are the apes of morality. Animals want to be men and imitate the better aspects of human behavior—fidelity, tenacity, bravery, gentleness. They cannot make the last evolutionary step, but how consoling to see each doggy eye moist with the desire to do so! Such is the message Landseer transmitted, over and over again.

But this show—admirably curated by Art Historians Richard Ormond, Robin Hamlyn and Joseph Rishel—soon makes clear that Landseer was more than a "mere" sentimentalist. To see him after such long disfavor is to see him afresh, and his affinities with other artists now seem more striking than his provincialism. Some of his hunt scenes have a positively Rubenesque wallop and energy, and his feeling for "sublime" landscape—the misty crags and glens of the Highlands—connects him to northern European romanticism, in particular to Caspar David Friedrich. When he let his sense of nature as a ground of elemental conflict speak directly, uninflected by sentiment, he produced one of the great images of his century, *The Challenge*, 1844: a stag bellowing defiance at its swimming enemy in the glacial boneyard of a mountain landscape. Such a painting makes all the dewy-eyed spaniels bearable, if not worthwhile.

—*By Robert Hughes*

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COVER STORIES

At Last, Kate and Hank!

On Golden Pond *burnishes age with the art of Hepburn and Fonda*

It begins with images of serenity: wild flowers gently stirring in an almost imperceptible spring breeze; loons, bright-eyed and sleek, afloat on untroubled waters; the lake itself shimmering in the backlight of a dying sun. The first glimpses of Golden Pond are washed with the kind of burnished light that colors our recollections of better places and better times past.

The first glimpses of the aged couple who are reopening their comfortable old summer house are suffused with a similar light, though that is more a trick of the moviegoer's memory than of the cinematographer's art. For Katharine Hepburn and Henry Fonda arrive in *On Golden Pond* bearing with them not merely their vacation baggage but a montage of beloved images assembled from a combined 95 years of motion picture acting in 129 features, not to mention uncounted stage and television appearances.

Spunky Kate and Honest Hank! If people were allowed to vote on such matters, the pair would probably be grandparents to an entire nation, since they are among the very few movie stars who have gone on working while four or five movie generations have grown up. By this time, their personal crotchets and graces, the events in the chronicle of their lives, have merged in the public mind with fragments from all those movies. Down the long corridor of the years, it seems we have encountered them at every turning. When they were young they gave lessons in romance; in middle age they taught steadfastness and honor; now it seems not only right but almost inevitable that they should come together—astonishingly—for the first time, to share some of the pains and puzzlements of age with us.

It comes as a gift that the vehicle is literately written by Ernest Thompson and sensitively directed by Mark Rydell. *On Golden Pond* is a mature movie, and for the first time in years that does not make it an oddity. The youth audience the film industry has been wooing for more than a decade is growing up. According to an industry source, 43% of those Americans who regularly go to movies are now over 29 (only 25% were in that age group eight years ago). Very few major movies aimed at adolescents are being released this holiday season. Instead, the next weeks will offer *Ragtime*, an adaptation of E.L. Doctorow's panoramic vision of turn-of-the-century America; *Reds*, Warren Beatty's life of Revolutionary John Reed; *Absence of Malice*, a serious examination of journalistic ethics; and *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, which is about euthanasia. Even the new John Belushi–Dan Aykroyd feature is far from *Animal House;* it is an adaptation of Thomas Berger's *Neighbors*, a farcically structured but coruscating novel about friendship. As if to stress the point, such legendary figures as James Cagney and Fred Astaire *(see boxes)* will be back on-screen before the year turns.

In any season, *On Golden Pond* would be welcome. Like last year's *Ordinary People*, the film addresses itself seriously and intelligently, without sermon or sociology, to an inescapable human issue: in this case, finding a decent ending for a life. By inviting audiences to contemplate the struggle of two attractively idiosyncratic old parties coming to terms with mortality, *On Golden Pond* gently requires them to confront that same inevitability in themselves. In short, those serene images of the film's opening are deceptive; age is not entirely golden on Golden Pond; dark currents flow just beneath its surface.

As the lives of Norman Thayer Jr. and his wife Ethel unfold, it becomes apparent that they have been spared none of the vicissitudes of aging except poverty. He is a retired professor, and there is obviously good breeding and a bit of money in their backgrounds. But the isolation of old age is upon them. No close friends are left on the pond; their only child Chelsea has been estranged from her father since childhood and now almost never comes home. Divorced, childless, she is living the worrisome ad hoc life of the fortyish woman who is still trying to find herself. The promise of a visit from her before the summer ends does not cheer Norman.

Mother and daughter: Kate reaches across a generation to comfort and counsel Jane

But then, it seems, nothing could. He suffers from angina; he suffers from the thought of his approaching 80th birthday that is to be the occasion for Chelsea's return; he suffers from a constant preoccupation with death. "Don't you have anything else to think about?" his wife inquires. "Nothing quite as interesting," he answers. There is a bitterness as well as wit in that reply, as there is in most of Norman's sinker-ball deliveries. But bitter or not, jokes are Norman's last line of defense, for if he is afraid of dying, he also dreads living mentally and physically diminished. He can't remember things—the faces in an old photograph near the phone or, for that matter, why he picked up the phone in the first place. He can no longer do simple chores—can't repair the screen door, can't start a fire in the fireplace without imperiling the house. One day Ethel, seeking to get him stirring, sends him out to pick berries. He becomes confused, can't recall the turns in the road,

and stumbles home in shame. In one of the film's most moving moments, he confesses to Ethel why he returned so quickly: "I was scared to death—that's why I came running back. To see your pretty face, to feel safe."

In his wife's deliberately overstated response—she insists he is still her "knight in shining armor"—there is irony. For as Norman's apologist and mediator between him and his daughter, him and the world, she has become the defender of his faltering faith in himself and the emotional stability of their narrowing world.

Soon Ethel is harder at work than usual as a go-between. Chelsea arrives with her new lover, Bill (well played by Dabney Coleman), a dentist whose laid-back manner does not hide a will hard as a platinum inlay. Then there is his 13-year-old son, Billy (Doug McKeon, who gets the bravado, vulnerability and candor of adolescence just right). He is toughing out a feeling that since Mom and Dad divorced he is essentially homeless, that the idea of dumping him with the old folks while Dad and Chelsea go to Europe is desertion.

Set portrait: a happy movie family

New friends: Fonda and McKeon hang on after their boat hits the rocks

Things do not begin promisingly. Norman will still not concede his daughter is an adult ("Look at this fat little girl" is his greeting), and soon he is hectoring Bill about where he and Chelsea will sleep ("You could have the room where I first violated Ethel"). As for Billy, he is wary, always ready to sulk or run. But there are possibilities in the situation. It could break Norman's habit of turning ever more tightly in on himself, and teach Billy his conviction that no one is interested in him is wrong. If an old man starts to show a young man the ropes (or at least how to handle a fishing line), perhaps Norman will see he still has useful work to perform as a teacher. Perhaps Billy will see that even if affection is crankily stated, it is still affection, and that he is worthy of it.

The psychology may be taken a little too straight out of Erik Erikson, or even Gail Sheehy, and the plot verges on the melodramatic (it takes a boating accident to seal the bargain of friendship between the generations). But emotionally *On Golden Pond* is no less valid for being something of a cliché. Anyway, the characters are so strong that the piece does not play as a cliché. Hepburn, for example, may have a less chewy part than has Fonda, but the briskness of her manner, her well-justified image as a no-nonsense individualist who is nevertheless a good sport, serve her wonderfully. There is a vivifying touch of tension between an actress who was a liberated woman before the movement was born and her role as traditional wife and mother.

Soft touch: Norman awakens Ethel

But *Golden Pond* finally belongs to Henry Fonda, who has had to wait until the end of his life for the part of his life. As Norman he is able to bring together, in a single character, the two main strands of his talent. The old gentleman's character is grounded on the main line of Fonda's star career. The fundamental decency and intelligence that were basic to the likes of Tom Joad and Mr. Roberts still infuse his presence. Indeed, so powerful has that image been that one sometimes forgets how splendid he has been as a character actor. The military martinet of *Fort Apache*, the cold-eyed outlaw of *Once Upon a Time in the West*, even the hilariously befuddled herpetologist "Hopsy" Pike of *The Lady Eve*—they all light up in one's memory as the spirit that animated them flashes in Fonda's eyes. Without raising his voice he gives a bravura performance as he moves from depressed withdrawal to momentary rages, from the struggle to express affection to the struggle not to express it, lest it be mistaken for weakness.

When Chelsea reappears, the old man even manages a tentative truce, acceptance of the sort Ethel has been struggling to bring about. Whether that truce signals a real reconciliation the movie does not definitively promise. But if it refuses to go for a big, emotional finish that would leave its audience awash in grateful tears, neither does it leave them without hope.

With all their visitors departed, the last bags and boxes stowed in the station wagon, Norman and Ethel go down to the pond to say goodbye to the loons that have been their summer companions. The bird family turns out to be diminished too—just the mother and father are left. Fonda eyes them and in the wry, dry voice that has drawled through our consciousness for almost half a century, speaks a kind of generational epitaph, weary but accepting. "Babies are all grown up . . . and moved to Los Angeles or somewhere."

The spirit in which he speaks—realistic, humorous, but with feeling—is precisely what claims one's respect for *On Golden Pond*. When it sometimes seems the whole society has spiritually decamped for Tinseltown, the movie offers the hope that people *can* come home again—at least for a visit.

—*By Richard Schickel*

Photographs by John Bryson—Sygma

Two Who Get It Right

"Now we're cooking!" says she, and so they are

There could have been trumpets, a heavenly choir, an enveloping cushion of fleece and lots of silver streamers—at least a few moguls and a newsreel camera. Someone important might have been there to introduce these two acting legends about to cross paths for the first time. "Alice Adams, meet Young Mr. Lincoln. Mary of Scotland, this is Wyatt Earp. Tracy Lord, Tom Joad. Tess Harding, Mister Roberts. Ethel Thayer, say hello to Norman Thayer Jr. Katharine Hepburn. . .Henry Fonda." But no Olympians are entitled to their privacy, and these are two very private people. So Fonda was alone in the basement of a 20th Century-Fox sound stage in May 1980 when, as he recalls it, "Kate just came in, smiled, looked directly at me, and said, 'It's about time.' "

In her elements: Katharine Hepburn at Fenwick, her Connecticut home

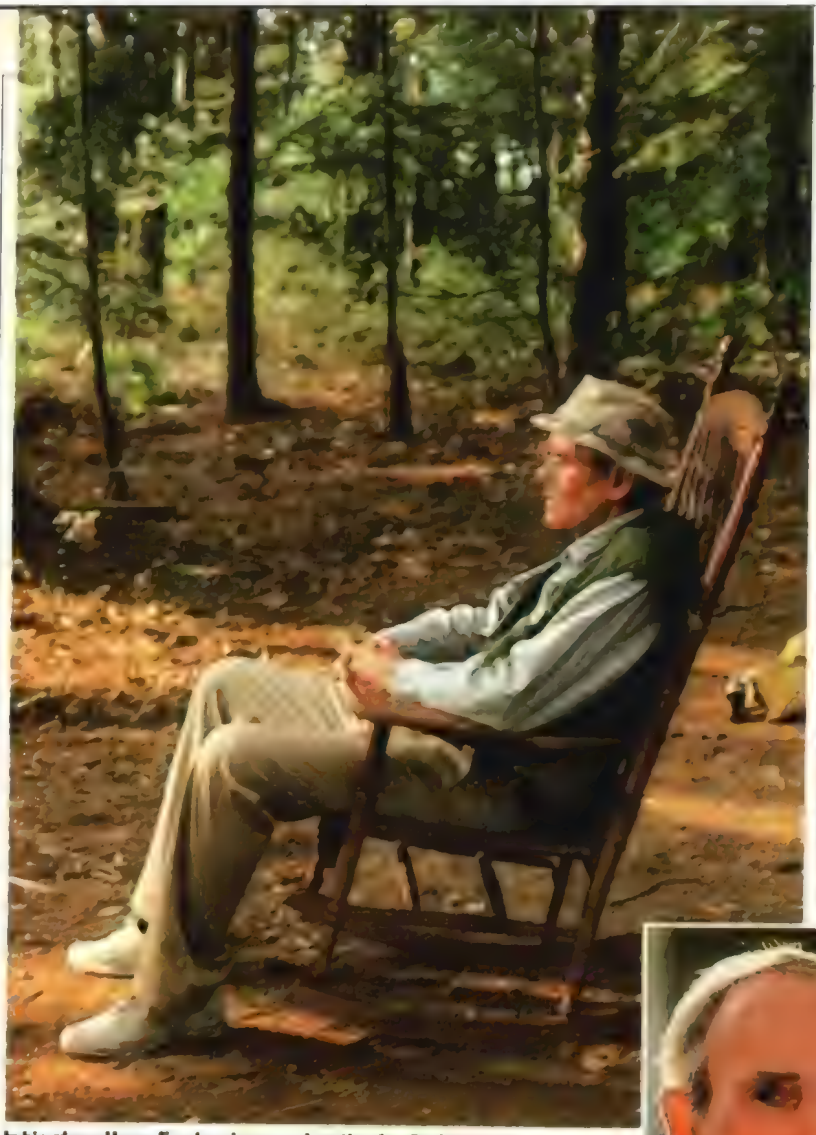
On Golden Pond, which unites Hepburn, Fonda and his daughter Jane in a warm familial embrace, is also about time. It is about the time, 46 years, that has soldered Norman and Ethel Thayer to each other, with complementary quirks and habits, tolerance and humor, love and concern. The time it takes to bind wounds the generations can inflict on each other—Norman and his daughter, Henry and his Jane. The time Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn have taken to travel their separate roads to this special union. The time on the screen that displays the deceptively easy effects of two actors, two half-centuries committed to getting it right in the theater and the movies. It is about this time—now—when two careers that might honorably have ended years ago have instead ascended to proud new peaks.

In his 77th year, Fonda has published his autobiography (with Howard Teichmann as his Boswell). Though disabled by serious heart disease, he still hopes to appear on Broadway next year as F.D.R.'s confidant Harry Hopkins. In her 75th year, Hepburn is magnetizing the attention of Philadelphia theatergoers in *The West Side Waltz*, prior to its Broadway opening next week. The play, written by *On Golden Pond's* Ernest Thompson, takes its own sweet three-quarter time to penetrate the twilight life of a Manhattan widow, but Hepburn triumphantly skirts sentimentality, displaying her radiance even as her character limps, hobbles and crawls toward accommodation with old age. The next time they meet, Hepburn might well say to Fonda what she exults at the end of each scene of her new Broadway show: "Now we're cooking!"

Like Ethel and Norman Thayer, Hepburn and Fonda are bound by similarities and differences in background, career and temperament. Both their families were established in the colonies by the 18th century, and the pedigree shows in the two who took up acting. In the archetypal old-line American family, Kate and Hank might be twins: she the precocious one, the go-getter and do-gooder, believing her way to success; he the shy gangler, the late achiever, listing like Nebraska wheat on a windy summer day, yet rock-stubborn when his pride or principles are challenged. She crackles, he drawls. She pushes, he won't be pushed. She's an actor, he's a reactor. In mind and body she is an irresistible Circe storm; he stands his ground, stoic and stolid. And in the fusion between person and persona that the movie public wishes upon its most enduring stars, Hepburn and Fonda came to symbolize the generous spirit of American liberalism.

Toward the end of a long career, every good thing a good actor does becomes precious to the informed moviegoer. Youthful exuberance ripens into heroic perseverance; the comically awkward silhouette of an actor's apprenticeship lengthens as the earth turns, and his shadow deepens and darkens the moviegoer's response. Sometimes, late at night, we flip through the TV channels as we would through a family album; actors provide a glamorized photo essay of our mortality and, captured on film, they become immortal.

Photographs by John Bryson—Sygma



In his glory: Henry Fonda relaxes on location for *On Golden Pond*

So to see Henry Fonda as Norman Thayer, presiding with gruff irony over his own disintegration, is a special privilege. To see Hepburn looking great in her straw hat and pink sundress, a lady out of Gauguin, revives the spirit. The fond, girlish way she swings herself between his legs; the look of love and respect she lavishes upon him; the tenderness with which an old man peels back an aging lady's lapel, and bends to her, and kisses her neck: these are moments that turn actors' autobiographies into art. The screenwriter, the director can only allow them to happen. The emotional intensity of these special moments wells not from the demands of story and action but from the accrued movie histories of Fonda and Hepburn, and the viewer's belief in the idealized lives of the people he sees on the screen.

In Hepburn's case art and life have blended to create an actress and woman of spectacular integrity. Passion and intelligence were her birthright. Her father was a surgeon in Hartford, Conn., her mother a suffragist who stumped for birth control. "I was brought up in a generation where excuses were not acceptable," she recalls. "And I was taught to speak out. My parents welcomed debate. My smell for reality comes from them." Educated at home and at Bryn Mawr, Kate learned her lessons well. At 24, with her debut film *A Bill of Divorcement*—co-starring John Barrymore, and directed by George Cukor, who would guide her in nine more movies over the next 50 years—she seemed to burst through the screen. Two dimensions couldn't hold her. The angular form, the tilted chin and cutting voice made her a secular Joan of Arc.

Hers was a fervor that transcended sex; to a '30s movie audience it may have looked threatening, even mannish. She was the most aggressive and patrician of the '30s liberated ladies, and moviegoers wanted some extraordinary ordinary guy to sweep her off her pedestal and bring her down to earth. In the '30s that man was Cary Grant, a spirit as blithe as Hepburn's and a lot breezier. In the '40s and beyond, it was Spencer Tracy, the stolid, sensitive man of whom Laurence Olivier said: "I've learned more about acting from watching Tracy than in any other way." Tracy and Hepburn may have seemed intractable opposites—the anchor and the billowing sail—but a love of their craft and an eye for home truths brought them together and kept them there. On-screen and off, he played her leading man until his death in 1967.

What could the mature years hold for such a spectacularly eccentric presence? Two things, on the evidence of Hepburn's films of the '50s and '60s: the lonely triumph of spinsterhood (*Summertime, The African Queen, The Rainmaker*), the sad decline into dementia (*Suddenly Last Summer, Long Day's Journey into Night*). These later roles gave her the opportunity to soar, and she played each lovely chance to the hilt, whether she was getting morosely drunk over a lemonade in *Pat and Mike* (1952) or losing herself in heroin and reverie as O'Neill's Mary Tyrone.

Hepburn fashioned a career as distinctive as any in screen acting, and if there are reservations to be stated about her work, they must come from the source. "With all the opportunities I had," she says today, "I could have done more. And if I had done more, I could have been quite remarkable."

Now this quite remarkable woman divides her free time between her townhouse in Manhattan's exclusive Turtle Bay and the home she shares with her younger brother and her secretary-companion in Fenwick, Conn., on Long Island Sound. Vigorous as ever, she regularly bikes, swims, plays a fiercely competitive game of tennis. She talks easily about her life and her work. The Hepburn mind still functions dexterously. The odd detail may elude her, but her memory is radiant and rich with the large patterns of life, its experience and meaning, its jokes and ironies. And all of it falls into Yankee perspective.

"The me I know is the person at Fenwick," she says. "When I'm talking about acting, I feel I'm talking about somebody else. Acting is a nice childish profession—pretending you're someone else, and at the same time selling your own self." After a hearty Fenwick dinner of meat, fresh vegetables and a homemade pie, the company may retire to her brother-in-law's house to watch one of Hepburn's old films. The star herself is not unduly impressed: "I don't feel any particular connection with that poor creature up on the screen. I'd rather watch the home movies my father took of us as children. They're hilarious. You can see me trying to be a fascinator—before I was an accepted fascination. Just desperate!"

Hepburn does not disdain the actor's craft; she puts it in perspective. She is happy to talk about some of her favorite lead-

ing men. Spencer Tracy (nine films with Hepburn, from *Woman of the Year* in 1942 to *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* in 1967): "Spence was a magic actor, funny and quick." Cary Grant (*Sylvia Scarlett, Bringing Up Baby, Holiday, The Philadelphia Story*): "He was great fun. He had a wonderful sense of comedy." John Wayne (*Rooster Cogburn*): "He wasn't as clever as Spence, but a brilliant actor nonetheless, bigger than life in his performance—and often when he didn't have to be." Peter O'Toole (*The Lion in Winter*): "He can do anything. A bit cuckoo, but sweet and terribly funny." Humphrey Bogart (*The African Queen*): "Bogart was like Fonda—proud and happy to be an actor."

Like Tracy and Fonda, Hepburn has little patience for actors who surrender to the tortuous introspection of the Method. "Spence and Hank felt the same way I do," she says. "The camera sees through the performance. We were brought up in the school that teaches: You do what the script tells you. Deliver the goods without comment. Live it—do it—or shut up. After all, the writer is what's important. If the script is good and you don't get in its way, it will come off O.K. I never discussed a script with Spence; we just did it. The same with Hank in *On Golden Pond*. Naturally and unconsciously, we joined into what I call a musical necessity—the chemistry that brings out the essence of the characters and the work."

"The Poor Creature": Hepburn in her town house

"The Lady at Fenwick": swimming, biking and a fierce tennis game

For Hepburn, the old couple on Golden Pond mark less a career departure than a return to the themes of her strongest films, to her most tenaciously held beliefs. "Ethel and Norman represent the kind of couple I admire very much. They've put up with a lot. They're not quitters. There's no self-pity. They've been in love all these years, and she is satisfied to let him be the star of the marriage. Now, that may seem old-fashioned to some, but I'm part of a generation, an era of women who saw to it that their men were not alone, who backed up their husbands against growing old and afraid, and who never lost their sense of humor. You lose your sense of humor and you might as well cut your throat. That's Ethel: a woman of deep common sense, who finds joy in life and in the beautiful things around her. She's an authentic human spirit. She also makes me laugh." And the smile in Hepburn's voice breaks into the chime of an unself-conscious laugh—for, surely, the woman being described is not only Ethel Thayer but Katharine Houghton Hepburn.

The man she describes might not be just Norman Thayer Jr., but Spencer Tracy. Or Henry Jaynes Fonda. One of this film's reverberant pleasures comes from watching Fonda play what might have been a Tracy role if Spencer had lived a dozen or so more years. Norman, after all, possesses the hearty irascibility that Tracy seemed born with, and that Fonda achieved only in the making of *On Golden Pond*. At the beginning of the film, as Fonda lumbers about in gusts of frail menace, he angles toward playing a New England Lear with overcareful pungency. One gets the sense of Fonda's working hard both to convince the viewer that Norman is one ornery old sumbitch and to distance the character from the person we believe we have come to know as Henry Fonda. But coming as it does just after Fonda's autobiography, his performance in *On Golden Pond* ultimately becomes a courageous act of revelation from one of the shiest men in a very public art.

In 1966 Critic Manny Farber wrote that Fonda "seems to be vouchsafing his emotion and talent to the audience in tiny blips . . . Fonda's entry into a scene is that of a man walking backward, slanting himself away from the public eye." Playing almost any character early in his career, Fonda seemed profoundly ill at ease. It amounted to a compact with the movie audience that he was one of them: callow, inarticulate, salt-of-the-earth, or if need be, soul-of-the-nation. This social squirm served him well, in comic or dramatic roles. His *Young Mr. Lincoln* (1939) was all elbows and ideals, winning debates by making fun of his opponent's eloquence. In *Jesse James* (1939) and *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940), Fonda is virtually cornered into renegade political activism: a corrupt System flays him, but under the vulnerable Midwestern skin is a species of American hero. In his best comedy, *The Lady Eve* (1941), Fonda is the perfect patsy for a con woman, Barbara Stanwyck—so perfect that she falls in love with the sap. Watching Fonda writhe under Stanwyck's bogus endearments remains one of the high delights of screwball farce.

As Mister Roberts (on stage 1948-51, on screen 1955) he could still show surprise that the men of the U.S.S. *Reluctant* would confer so much moral authority on him. But from then on the Fonda character was at ease with his place in American history, whether as a lone righteous juror in *12 Angry Men*, or as any number of military men, government officials—and desperadoes. Through age and exposure, *The Wrong Man* had become *The Best Man*. It was a role that life had carved in Fonda, the quiet son of a pleasant, rigorous Christian Scientist family in Omaha in the century's first decade.

This Fonda is the lad whose growing pains, according to his autobiography, "forced him to walk across the street to avoid saying hello to a girl," and whose most cherished childhood memory is being awakened by his mother to see Halley's Comet because "it comes around only once every 76 years." He is the young man taken by his father to see a black man lynched in the center of town. He is the aspiring actor who, briefly married at 26 to the effervescent young actress Margaret Sullavan, would stand in agony outside their Greenwich Village apartment as, inside, Margaret made love to Producer Jed Harris. He is the star who never once spoke with his close friend Agent Leland Hayward about the curious fact that they had both been married to the same woman, Maggie Sullavan. He is the five-time husband whose first two wives—Sullavan and Frances Brokaw,

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The go-getter: *Woman of the Year*, with Tracy; *The Philadelphia Story*

mother of Jane and Peter—committed suicide. He is the father who effectively isolated himself from his children. Peter finally spanned this distance one night five years ago when he called Henry and blurted, "I love you." For Jane, the chance for reconciliation came when the two met in July 1980 on New Hampshire's Squam Lake—on Golden Pond.

By several standards of the film actor's profession, Jane is the most successful Fonda. She occupies a pantheon of superstardom that Henry could never quite enter. Her company fashions movies to fit her, then tailors them into hits (*Coming Home, The China Syndrome, Nine to Five*). Jane has won two Oscars for acting, in *Klute* and *Coming Home;* Henry was nominated once—for *The Grapes of Wrath*—but did not win. In the '70s, Jane became a celebrity who earned headlines wearing khaki to free the Army from the Viet Nam War or, later, sporting the sensible shoes of feminism and aerobics. Most important, Jane is a ferociously talented actress who puts pain and passion into every role—the image of her father, but with an intensity that recalls . . . the young Katharine Hepburn. The *Golden Pond* set was likely to be a volatile one

"We were both aware," says Henry Fonda, "that in certain respects it was a reflection, sometimes uncannily so, of the pain we'd known in real life as father and daughter. In our big scenes together, Jane became very emotional. There's a moment when she's groping to find the right relationship with her dad, and I'm playing that I'm not sure what she's up to. When it was over, I could see Jane was proud. She pointed to the film crew—by that time everybody was crying—and whispered to me, 'I guess they all had problems with their father.' " He pauses a moment—after two pacemakers and endless rounds of medication, the words are not always easy to form—and says: "I love Jane very much."

"I've always thought of *On Golden Pond* as a present to my father," says Jane, 43. She and her partner, Producer Bruce Gilbert, had been looking for a property in which the three Fondas could star. Thompson's play—a critical success and modest hit on Broadway, with Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldridge as the Thayers—almost filled the bill: it had everything but a role for Peter. "My dad isn't exactly Norman Thayer, but there's a lot of Dad in the part. And I guess there's a lot of Chelsea, Norman's daughter, in me. Like Chelsea, I had to get over the desperate need I once had for his approval, and to conquer my fear of him. We've never been intimate. My dad simply is not an intimate person. But that doesn't mean there isn't love. There's a lot of love. And I think you can see it on the screen. *On Golden Pond* gave all of us the chance to say out loud something you could admit to yourself only at night. I can't tell you how lucky I feel that we actually got it done."

The father-daughter bond can still show strain, and did on the movie set. Now, though, the differences were professional. Like Hepburn, Fonda has the veteran's disdain of the Actors Studio, where Jane studied two decades ago. "Jane goes through more crap to act," Fonda says, "instead of just doing it. I don't believe you study acting. You feel it, know it, play it." When Jane and Dabney Coleman, who played Chelsea's beau, would take time to discuss motivation, Kate and Hank would have giggle fits. In one scene, Jane recalls, "we were setting up a light, and I wanted it moved so I could see Dad better and he could see me. Dad said, 'I don't need to see you. I'm not that kind of actor.' I felt humiliated; I wanted to cry. Kate understood. She put her arm around me and said, 'Tracy did it to me all the time. That's just the way they are.' "

Throughout the shooting, Hepburn played the fond or firm parent to Jane—so much so that Jane says, "I couldn't help fantasizing what would have happened if she and my dad had become lovers 40 years ago, and Kate had been my mother." It was Hepburn whose daunting presence made Jane realize she would have to perform a key scene—a difficult backflip into Golden Pond herself—without a stunt woman. Mama Kate's lesson: "If a child never learns to overcome its fears it will become soggy."

The shy gangler: *The Grapes of Wrath; Mister Roberts*, with Cagney

Hepburn had other, sterner lessons in store for two prominent young men on the Squam Lake location. One was Gilbert, who produced the $7.5 million film. "She was always testing me," recalls Gilbert, 33. "Kate's an old-fashioned star who makes demands of old-fashioned protocol—flowers, meetings, dinners—and argues constantly in front of the crew. Of course, I'd make another film with her in a minute. This time, though, I'd give her a pair of boxing gloves." Ernest Thompson, 31, who adapted his play for the screen, calls himself "Kate's runaway son. Same stock, she's got more money. She brings out the fighter in me, because she's a fighter. Kicked me off the set the first day. She said: 'I wasn't in the room when you wrote the play—why should you be here when I start acting?' "

Two men on Golden Pond have nothing but praise for Hepburn. Says Director Mark Rydell: "The bravery was heroic. Here was Fonda, fading, dealing with death, playing a man afraid of what he saw ahead. And Hepburn was his support. Their naked emotions were real. It was a privilege to be a part of it all." And Henry Fonda offers his own testimony: "It was a magical summer for both of us. We worked together as though we'd been doing it all our lives. Kate is unique—in her looks, in the way she plays, most of all in herself. I love Kate for playing with me in this film. Other movies have had a lot of meaning for me—*Grapes of Wrath, The Ox Bow Incident, Mister Roberts, 12 Angry Men*—but *On Golden Pond* is the ultimate role of my career."

A memory alights. "It was just the second time Kate and I met, that first morning on Squam Lake. People kind of melted away and there were just the two of us. She had this thing clutched in her

"Some Kind of Genius"

He was the Caliban of the concrete wilderness, a tough-minded, quick-fisted, devilishly engaging city sprite, the first such in movie history and still, a half-century later, the best. One minute he would be walking the dark side of the mean streets, personifying the gangster as a tragically overreaching hero (*The Public Enemy*); the next he was to be found quickstepping on his jaunty dancer's pins along the sunny side, tapping out a dandy Yankee Doodle up tune. But it made no difference where he traded slick jabs and smart-mouthed gibes, for he always made it clear that though he could be touched, he could not be trifled with or, at his core, changed. Later, when the world changed, he permitted his tough guy to give off the rancid odors of psychopathy, notably in *White Heat*. But his actor's integrity remained unsullied. He would make us understand his characters, but he would never seek pity for them.

Now 82, and returning to the screen in *Ragtime*, his 65th film, after a 21-year absence, James Cagney is unchanged at heart. Though slowed by diabetes, he is a cherubic figure, a twinkly-eyed grandfatherly sort, full of benign anecdotes about his past (and a convenient lack of memory for past frictions). The old attack is still there. Indeed, the cunning professional is more than ever capable of playing games with the audience, using his softened image for deceptive purposes. Until he whispers his last devastating line in *Ragtime*, the audience is likely to think of Police Commissioner Rheinlander Waldo as an agreeable authority figure, when he is actually the picture's symbol of evil genius.

No strain: Cagney in *Ragtime*

Not that Cagney would ever admit to doing anything all that complicated or rationally thought out. His strongest admiration is for people who make things look easy. Packey McFarland, a prizefighter from his youth, comes to mind: "He was my idol, because he did it all and never got a black eye." Of his own acting, he says: "My roles may have been comparatively easy, because I was generally the hoodlum, and I understood that type perfectly well. No strain."

No strain. It is a phrase that has been recurring to Cagney for as long as people have been trying to inquire into the nature of his gift. "Just a job" is another one, used to describe almost any role anyone asks about. Says *Ragtime* Director Milos Forman: "At first I was suspicious, but no, it is absolutely genuine. His humility toward work—that is just him. I know the word is abused, but I really think James is some kind of genius. His instincts are phenomenal. As a director, I don't have to tell him a thing. Could stay home."

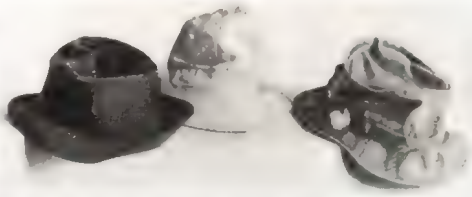
Despite *Ragtime* (made at his doctor's suggestion and Forman's urging), Cagney, too, could stay home. He has never enjoyed self-promotion, preferring the quiet of his 800-acre farm near Amenia, N.Y. The comfortable stone house is as simple and solid as he is. He and his wife of 58 years, Billie, occasionally entertain friends like Mikhail Baryshnikov but venture forth only rarely. They journeyed to the White House when *Ragtime* was screened for the President, and this week at the New York Press Club, Cagney will memorialize his old friend Robert Montgomery, who died in September. He is also considering another movie role, as an aging Bat Masterson.

Mostly, though, Cagney reads, watches television and occasionally goes for a spin in an antique carriage, of which he has an extensive collection.

If he does decide to act again, he will, as always, trust his first, simplifying instincts, a gift he has relied on since he went into show business 63 years ago as a self-taught dancer ("It was just a question of grabbing at something, to be something") out of the rough Manhattan neighborhood where he grew up. "That's the essential thing," he says, "to know what you want to do and then go at it with everything you've got." When he speaks that line, his eyes glint hard, his jaw juts forward, and the years seem to drop away. He is no longer the "faraway fella" of his old pal Pat O'Brien's description (*Ragtime* is the ninth film in which they have appeared together), no longer the "country boy" he aspired to be before he took up acting. Instead, he is the tough, confident young actor who, as O'Brien says, "always knew what he was going to do—and every director in Hollywood knew that he knew."

This, one knows, is the face of a man who would draw on his own memory for bits of business—a gesture, a line of dialogue—that would add authenticity to his roles ("Doesn't matter what it is, just so long as it's something particularly personal, a kind of stamp, that the audience walks out of the theater with"). It is the face he showed recently to a young admirer who asked Cagney for some advice on how to manage a star career. "I said, 'Start with one thing: they need you. Without you, they have an empty screen. So, when you get on there, just do what you think is right and stick with it.' " And what about all those helpful voices nagging at someone like John Travolta, telling him what the shrewd career moves are? "Oh, nonsense. If you listen to all the clowns around, you're just dead. Go do what you have to do." It is one of the grace notes of this movie season that James Cagney is once again doing what he does as well as any man who has ever lived. —*R.S.*

hand and she held it out to me. 'For you,' she said. 'It was Spencer's favorite hat.' I wore it in the first scene." Fonda is a painter of delicate still lifes, and that night he was inspired to start a painting—of the three hats he wore in the film. He made enough prints of the finished work to give one to each member of the crew, suitably inscribed. The original is in the Turtle Bay town house.



Fonda's hat trick; Tracy's is on the left

And so Fonda turned himself into Norman Thayer, presiding with gruff irony over the outrage of his own disintegration. He knows it, he feels it, he plays it. Says his wife Shirlee: "He wants to live as much as we want him to. He's promised me that he'll live to see his 83rd birthday, and I have to believe he'll keep that promise." Stargazers of every stripe, take note: In Fonda's 82nd year, Halley's Comet is due to make another pass.

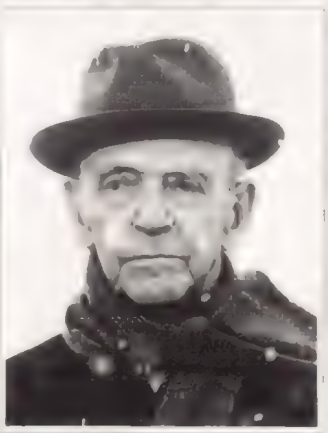
Hepburn, too, looks at life with few regrets or apprehensions. "It's so endless to be old," she muses. "It's too goddamned bad that you're rotting away. Really, it's a big bore for anyone with half a brain. But you have to face it, and how you do it is a challenge." Then she holds her head up, looks you straight in the eye, and lets that incandescent smile light up the room. "If there is a heaven," she announces, "and if that's where I wind up—and if I'm a tennis champion—then I'll be happy."

If there is a players' paradise, rest assured: when Kate Hepburn and Hank Fonda arrive, there will be trumpets, and comets, and a celestial Wimbledon waiting for them. *—By Richard Corliss. Reported by Dean Brelis/New York and Los Angeles*

"Can Dance a Little"

They were all dancers. Cagney propelled himself through space like a bullet or a bull terrier, his torso a few seconds ahead of his legs; anyone without a dancer's equilibrium would have fallen on his face. Fonda was just the opposite: a triumph of convex geometry, his thin body a question mark that ambled at Stepin Fetchit pace toward a girl or a cause. Hepburn seemed always on the ascendant, scaling the invisible ramp of her own confidence. But it was Fred Astaire who defined screen movement, for the '30s and forever. With athletic nonchalance, he showed moviegoers how the human body could express strength, rapture, elegance, amazing grace.

A half-century of Astaire in the movies has made his achievement seem both ineffable and inevitable. Even today, at 82, Astaire is lithe and healthy as he waltzes through the occasional film role. In his latest, *Ghost Story*, due out next month, Astaire and three other elderly gents (Melvyn Douglas, John Houseman, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.) swap spooky tales. The oddest might be the one about Fred's rise to stardom. Fifty years ago, it was difficult to spot a potential movie star in a body that photographed small, frail, bewildered. Fred and his sister Adele had danced through hit Broadway shows for a dozen years before Adele's marriage to an English lord, but to a movie mogul their stage success could be attributed to snob appeal and second-balcony myopia. In close-up Fred looked—and, in moments of earthbound repose, acted—like Stan Laurel. Thus the famous pronouncement on Astaire's first screen test: "Can't act. Can't sing. Balding. Can dance a little." But oh, how he danced! That was evident from his second film, *Flying Down to Rio* (1933), when he was paired with a perky chorine named Ginger Rogers. Between then and 1939 Astaire and Rogers made eight films—and movie history.



Giant step: Astaire in *Ghost Story*

It was said of Astaire-Rogers: "He gave her class. She gave him sex." The titles changed—*Top Hat, Swing Time, Shall We Dance, Carefree*—but their roles were constant. Fred was nature's nobleman, Ginger the plucky girl who made good by dancing well. It didn't matter that the films' plots were aggressively silly, the dialogue often inane. When the music swelled, and Fred took Ginger by the hand, and she leaned into his body, and the dance began, a more beautiful story was told: of the emotions only motion can convey, of two people's need for transcendence, of the perfect fusion of passion and technique into a delicate, sensual mating dance.

Their greatest number, *Never Gonna Dance* from *Swing Time*, is an eight-minute ballet of seduction and parting. The quarreling lovers won't dance; they must dance. Their bodies sway helplessly to the music and then surrender to embrace. Retreating, touching, whirling across the ballroom floor, they try to fight the magnetism of their love, their shared art. The only way to escape its pull is to play the game to its climax. And so they glide up a winding staircase and into the spiraling ecstasy of a dozen dizzying pirouettes. Suddenly she is gone. He is alone. The dance is over.

It all looked impossibly easy. It was not: six weeks of rehearsal before every film, dozens of "takes," worn-out shoes, bleeding feet. Even now, as Astaire looks back on the Fred-and-Ginger films from the vantage point of his one-story marble palace in Beverly Hills, he likens the experience to "running the four-minute mile for six months. I'd lose 15 lbs. during rehearsal," he told TIME's Martha Smilgis. "But then you'd get in a winning groove—a kind of show-business dream sequence where you can't do anything wrong. The choreography was a mutual effort: Hermes Pan, Ginger, even Adele contributed. And of course Ginger was able to accomplish sex through dance. We told more through our movements instead of the big clinch. We did it all in the dance."

And when the team split, Astaire kept doing it all, on his own. Though his dancing partners in the next two decades included such game gals as Rita Hayworth, Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Leslie Caron and Audrey Hepburn, Astaire's most famous dance numbers were now his solos. And alone he used the properties of film as cleverly as he had earlier translated stage dancing to the screen. He defied time by dancing in slow motion in *Easter Parade*, defied gravity by dancing up walls and across ceilings in *Royal Wedding*, defied age by hoofing elegantly through his sixth, seventh, eighth decades. He conquered television with a brace of specials in the late '50s. He turned to straight acting and won an Oscar nomination (his first) for his performance in *The Towering Inferno*. And last year he took a wife: Pioneer Jockey Robyn Smith, 37.

It seems a match made in the winner's circle: Astaire is a longtime turf buff who once owned a stable of thoroughbreds and still reads the *Daily Racing Form*. Not for him the idle reveries of days and dances gone by. He never watches his old films, and shudders to think that they are among the most popular *Late Show* offerings. "When we did them I thought, 'O.K., that's over.' But here they are forever on TV. Two hundred years from now they'll be watching *Top Hat*. Oh, God!"

Thank God. Fred Astaire may shrug off his movie work, but he can't take that away from us. —R.C.

The sisters: Mackay, Hurt and Dillon

Playwright Beth Henley

Theater

Southern Sibs

CRIMES OF THE HEART
by Beth Henley

This is a tale of three sisters. One is a spinster, one is a sexpot, and one is a screwball. The tangled web of relationships they weave possesses sprightly humor, zany logic, folksy warmth and a tincture of poignancy. The author's first full-length play and a Pulitzer prizewinner, *Crimes of the Heart* is a kind of in-depth soap opera that reveals character even as it unravels situations.

The locale is Hazelhurst, Miss., and the time is "five years after Hurricane Camille," Playwright Henley's little hint that this clan is disaster-prone. Lenny MaGrath (Lizbeth Mackay), the eldest sister, is facing her 30th birthday with "a shrunken ovary" and no gentlemen callers in sight. She is plain of face, finicky in manner and gnawed by self-doubt. She had a heartfelt romance once but skittered away from it in fear and put her emotions in a deep freeze. The kind of event that nails her hysterically to her sun-drenched kitchen wall and illustrates Henley's predilection for bizarre Southern Gothic extravagance is the death of her horse Billy Boy. Her pet since childhood, Billy Boy has recently been struck by lightning. To top that calamity, Old Granddaddy has been hospitalized with "blood vessels popping in his brain."

The sexpot sister Meg (Mary Beth Hurt) knows all about men ("I've had too many") but astonishingly little about herself. She rushed off to Hollywood because Old Granddaddy fostered the delusion that she could be a singing star. She became a pill-popping swinger and had a mental breakdown. The scar tissue shows in hard-boiled mannerisms and a terror of displaying "weakness."

At 24, the youngest sister Babe Botrelle (Mia Dillon) has reached full immaturity. She is out on bail after having shot her husband in the stomach and very nearly killing him. Asked why she did it, Babe replies, "I didn't like his looks." Prior to the attempted murder, Babe had been carrying on an affair with a 15-year-old black boy. Asked to explain that, Babe answers, "I was so lonely and he was gooood."

What insane lawyer would take such a devil of a case? The sisters find him in an Ole Miss grad (Peter MacNicol) who was smitten with Babe when she once served him pound cake at a church bazaar. Besides, he relishes "personal vendettas." MacNicol is a comic minefield. His meticulous legalisms are at total variance with his discombobulated manner. He wears his clothes as if they were still on the rack. He walks like an unstrung robot, and his voice seems to come from a retarded answering service.

Out of such recalcitrant, semitragic, and seemingly implausible materials, Henley wrests combustible spasms of laughter. Perhaps she makes playgoers see their own catastrophes as others see them. She is lucky to hold ace cards in her casting hand. Mackay, Hurt and Dillon seem to have been born under the same roof, sharing a past, a present and a future. They give the play a dimension of humanity that redeems the occasional lapse into clichés and arch frivolity. It is interesting to speculate about whether *Crimes of the Heart* would seem so antic in spirit if its lines were delivered in the brisk, flinty inflections of Bangor, Me., instead of the languorous resonances of Hazelhurst, Miss. But that is idle speculation, since Hazelhurst is so beguiling —**By T.E. Kalem**

Milestones

ILL. Barry Goldwater, 72, Arizona's grand old conservative Republican Senator; with degenerative arthritis in the left hip; in Phoenix. He will undergo surgery to replace the hip with a metal ball and plastic socket. Goldwater, who limped painfully around the Senate during the AWACS debate, will be out for six weeks.

DIED. Max Scherr, 65, rotund, disorderly founder of the underground newspaper the *Berkeley Barb*; of cancer; in Berkeley, Calif. Founded in 1965 during the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, the *Barb* proselytized for revolution, drugs and "free" sex, peaking at 90,000 readers in 1969, before closing in 1980. Scherr made the paper profitable not only by anticipating the sentiments of the "flower children" but also by paying low wages and raking in revenue from sexually explicit ads purchased by massage parlors.

DIED. Jonathan Daniels, 79, longtime editor of *The News* and *Observer* of Raleigh, eloquent voice of Southern moderation, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt's last press secretary; on Hilton Head Island, S.C. Daniels succeeded his father Josephus as editor of the family-owned newspaper in 1933. In 1942, he joined Roosevelt's Administration, becoming press secretary shortly before Roosevelt died in 1945. He returned to the *Observer*, shirking administrative duties but excelling as an editorial writer who advocated a non-confrontational approach to integrating the South during the 1950s and 1960s. Daniels also wrote more than a dozen books, including two that were the first in-depth accounts of F.D.R.'s romance with Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd.

DIED. Samuel Rosen, 84, world-renowned ear surgeon who developed a revolutionary operation for curing otosclerosis, a common cause of deafness; of a blood clot; in Peking. He discovered the technique during an operation in 1952 when he accidentally jarred loose a tiny bone in the middle ear, immediately restoring the patient's hearing. After perfecting the procedure on hundreds of cadavers, he taught the operation all over the world, becoming a frequent visitor to China in the process.

DIED. Robert de Graff, 86, innovative cofounder of Pocket Books who revolutionized American publishing when he successfully marketed the first paperbacks in the U.S.; in Mill Neck, N.Y. In 1939, De Graff set out to distribute pocket-size, glossy-covered 25¢ paperbacks, using magazine-marketing techniques to sell them at newsstands and in grocery and drugstore chains. A test run of 100,000 paperbacks, including the likes of *Lost Horizon* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, sold out the first week. By the time De Graff left active leadership of the company in 1957, Pocket Books' annual sales totaled $15 million.

While everyone around you is busy convincing themselves the only thing to do these days is to do *without*, you can relax in the quiet luxury of a 1982 Olds Ninety-Eight Regency Brougham. Along with a sumptuous new interior, it includes air conditioning, AM-FM stereo radio,* power windows and power door locks all standard. Yet still enjoy the sensible fuel economy of a standard V6 or optional diesel V8 engine. Proof, pleased to say, that you don't have to sacrifice luxury for the sake of efficiency.

Ninety-Eight Regency Brougham.

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STANDARD V6

28 Hwy Est. | 18 EPA Est mpg

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Std. V6 EPA Est. mpg and Diesel V8 Hwy. Est. lower in California. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. *AM-FM stereo radio may be deleted for credit.

DIESEL V8

33 Hwy Est. | 22 EPA Est mpg

Labor's Unhappy Birthday

Union ranks are thinning, and organized workers are losing their clout

Exactly 100 years ago next week, a ragtag group of tradesmen and industrial workers met in Pittsburgh under the leadership of Samuel Gompers, a cigarmaker from London, to form the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions. Ahead lay many battles against obstinate employers as unions fought for recognition: the Homestead and Pullman strikes in the 1890s, the bloody 1937 Battle of the Overpass in Dearborn, Mich., when Walter and Victor Reuther were attempting to organize auto workers. But now, as the U.S. labor movement enters its second century, it faces equally serious problems: eroding membership and fading public support.

Indeed, as the leaders of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations celebrate labor's centennial next week at their convention in New York, they will have little to cheer about. Unemployment has withered union ranks. Last month's joblessness stood at 8% of the U.S. work force, up a full percentage point since July and hitting unions like the United Auto Workers hard. About 25% of the U.A.W.'s members, for example, are out of work because of the two-year-long depression in Detroit. Says Union President Douglas Fraser: "We're going through the most difficult period in our history."

Antiunion sentiment seems to be everywhere, and not just among white-collar suburbanites. A symptom of this was the public support President Reagan got when he fired 11,500 air-traffic controllers who struck illegally in August. Says Victor Gotbaum, head of New York City's largest (109,000 members) public employee union and one of organized labor's most powerful voices: "Not even Eisenhower or Richard Nixon did that."

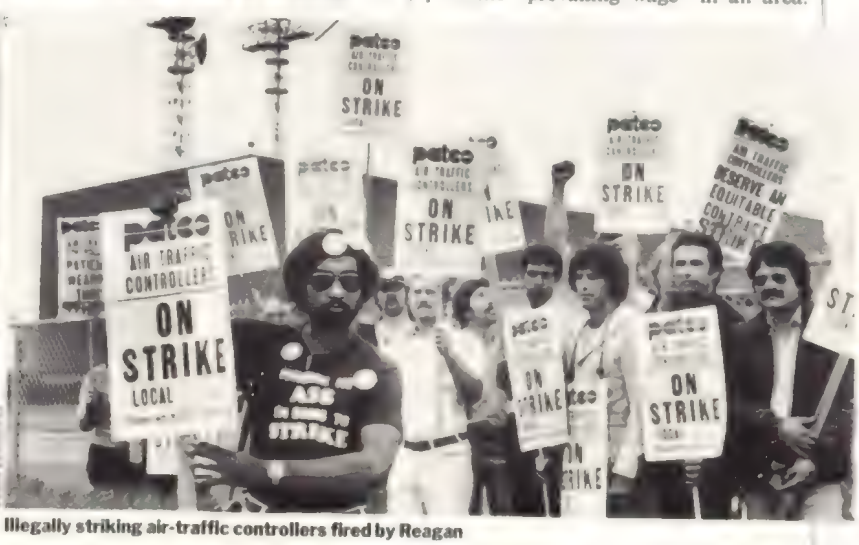
In Congress, where unions have long spoken loudly and carried a big stick, labor's political influence is waning. Conservatives in the Senate, under the banner of deregulation, have begun mounting an attack on federal labor laws, some of which are probably ripe for overhauling. One target: the 1931 Davis-Bacon Act, which shores up wages by requiring that workers on many federal contracts be paid the "prevailing wage" in an area. "Prevailing" now often means union scales in cities far from actual construction sites, which boost costs and contribute to inflation.

Unions have lost support even among workers. Polls show that one-fifth of families in which one or more members belong to unions disapprove of unions, and 27% of union-household members said that no one should be permitted to strike. Only 55% of the American people favor unions, down from 66% in 1967 and 76% in 1957. Perhaps the last major public employee strike that enjoyed any measure of public sympathy was the walkout by postal workers in 1970.

This disapproval of organized labor shows most vividly in the numbers for overall union membership. During the

Concerned leaders: Fraser of the U.A.W.

Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO



Illegally striking air-traffic controllers fired by Reagan

Gotbaum of the public employee union

Eroding membership and public support

past decade, the U.S. labor force has grown from 86 million to 107 million workers, but the enrollment in unions has remained essentially flat, at about 22 million. Union members were only 21% of the labor force last year, as compared with 25% in 1970.

More and more workers are now actively voting down unions. Last year 8,198 federally supervised union collective-bargaining elections were held, and organized labor won only 48% of them, *vs.* 55% a decade ago. There is also a tide of decertification elections called by employees who want to throw out the organizations that already represent them. In 1970 there were only 301 such "decerts"; last year there were 902, with workers voting to reject their unions in 73% of the cases.

Why is labor's once sturdy house in such disrepair? The first and foremost reason is the rapidly changing nature of the U.S. economy. American business is no longer dominated, as it once was, by what Wall Street analysts call "smokestack industries," such as autos and steel. Only 16% of workers in U.S. industry were employed in manufacturing last year, *vs.* 23% two decades ago. The economy's service sector, on the other hand, has blossomed. It currently employs 46% of workers. For example, the McDonald's hamburger empire now has more than three times as many workers as United States Steel.

For labor, those economic trends have meant trouble. It is far more difficult to organize service workers than employees on an assembly line. Service workers tend to be spread out in many places rather than grouped together in one plant. Moreover, they often lack the class-solidarity views of blue-collar employees and resist unionization. Organizing them is both expensive and cumbersome.

The weakened U.S. economy and stiff Japanese competition have also lessened the strength of unions. Workers are starting to become more and more aware of the costs of strikes, including the fact that they could strike themselves out of jobs altogether, and are less likely to hit the bricks. The 1979 International Harvester walkout lasted six months, ended in a standoff, resulted in layoffs of thousands of workers, and pushed the company to the brink of bankruptcy. Not surprisingly, the number of major strikes, those involving 10,000 workers or more, has gone from 34 in 1970 to 14 last year.

Next year, when contracts expire for roughly 3.7 million workers in autos, trucking, rubber and a host of other industries, is expected to be a mild wage-negotiation period because of the weak economy. The business slump is also expected to hurt efforts at organizing employees. Workers are now less interested in signing up because the unions often fail to deliver the goods in terms of higher wages or shorter working hours.

In fact, many of the labor talks now being conducted involve so-called give-backs, whereby the workers forgo previously won benefits in exchange for more job security. Workers at Chrysler made concessions worth $1.1 billion during the past two years in an attempt to help that company stay afloat. The Steelworkers local in Canton, Ohio, accepted an eleven-year no-strike clause to help lure a Timken Co. steel plant there. Employees at a new Goodyear plant near Akron will receive a base pay of $8.62 an hour, *vs.* more than $10 at a comparable older factory.

In many fields, unions are being forced to get along by going along. For years the United Auto Workers has taken socially activist positions on many issues, including civil rights, the environment and welfare. But economic pressures on the auto industry have forced the union generally to support relaxed auto-emission standards, for example, and to back the building of a new Cadillac plant in the Poletown section of Detroit that would provide jobs but has uprooted hundreds of poor families in the process.

Some companies have been quick to exploit the vulnerability of unions, chiefly by hiring consultants to keep unions out or to encourage employees to decertify unions even after they are in a plant. Such professional union busters have long held sway in the South, where few workers have been organized. Only 1.7% of manufacturing workers in the Greenville-Spartanburg area belong to unions, and South Carolina's business establishment intends to keep it that way. Says Carroll Gray, executive vice president of the local Chamber of Commerce: "We'd prefer not to have unions. We will continue to oppose them within the law."

SAWED OFF

Union membership as a percent of the total labor force
(including employee associations)

TIME Chart by Renee Klein

*Source: Data Resources

But the American labor movement is far from dead. Indeed, some union leaders believe that the current adversity will provide the stimulus that labor needs to get moving again after years of smugness, security and leadership somnolence. Results are slow in coming, but they are beginning to show up.

Last month 30 unions began a drive to organize Sunbelt workers, starting in Houston. They will spend more than $1 million a year in the effort. The Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO has half a dozen unions involved in an organizing campaign in Tupelo, Miss., and it is about to start a drive in the Baltimore-Washington area aimed specifically at women employees. White-collar workers are a prime target for organizing. Says Karen Nussbaum, 31, a union official in Cleveland: "Organizing white-collar workers is now make or break for the trade-union movement." Inroads are being made by some unions, among white- and gray-collar workers in health care, teaching and government, which tend to offset the blue-collar losses.

Some union leaders are starting to rethink their old and often outdated shibboleths. Productivity used to be just a word that meant harder work for the same pay. Now it is seen as a way to preserve at least some jobs in the face of foreign competition and a changing U.S. economy. Says Jim Poedy of the Los Angeles County Federation of Labor: "We're beginning to address the issue of productivity simply because we took a look at the competition from Japan and other countries. You have to look at it. We have to look at the future."

There are much smoother worker-management relations in the two toughest competitors American business now faces in the world market, Japan and West Germany. Unions in those countries strongly defend the rights of their members, and have not become mere acolytes for the employers. But there is not the spirit of adversarial confrontation that has characterized so much of American labor history. Company officials and employees in Japan and West Germany usually work together successfully to solve their common problems.

Some union and management officials are now questioning whether the U.S. can afford to continue waging the old conflicts between workers and bosses. Says W.J. Usery, Secretary of Labor under President Ford: "Now is the time we should try to reason together and work together. We have to minimize the adversary roles that we have played in the past 40 years and concentrate on productivity and providing steady jobs with upward mobility for people." That would be a worthy goal for both unions and management during labor's next century. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Patricia Delaney/Chicago*

Gas-sipping mini-cars displayed at the motor show: the Suzuki Cervo and Nissan's experimental front-wheel-drive Datsun NX-018

Economy & Business

A Dazzling Display in Tokyo

Japanese automakers unveil their latest models

In John Updike's new novel, *Rabbit Is Rich*, Harry ("Rabbit") Angstrom is a wealthy car dealer who pitches new autos for a fictional Toyota dealership in Pennsylvania. "Japan can't make enough of these cars to keep the world happy," Rabbit tells a customer. "Here we're supposed to be Automotive Heaven and the foreigners come up with all the ideas."

Last week, at the Tokyo Motor Show, nine Japanese automakers demonstrated some of those new ideas amid fireworks and brass bands. Among the 1 million people in attendance the first day was a delegation of Detroit auto executives.

Although the sale of Japanese cars in the U.S. has slowed down in the past four months along with the general economy, Japanese manufacturers continue to hold a hefty 22% share of the market. Now that Japan has agreed to limit its exports of cars to the U.S. for the next two years, its producers are radically changing their sales strategy. Tiny gas misers are giving way to more premium-priced sporty models, such as the Toyota Celica, and expensive full-size cars like the Datsun 810 Maxima.

At last week's show in Tokyo, new cars were displayed on rotating platforms, while miniskirted models recited memorized sales spiels. Spectators gawked, for example, at a four-wheel-drive Toyota outfitted for bird watching that had a roof-mounted camera and sound equipment to record birdcalls.

In addition to the glitz and the glamour, the Tokyo show demonstrated some dazzling applications of modern electronics and semiconductor technology that make cars cheaper, safer and easier to drive. Japanese manufacturers are using computers on a chip to improve fuel economy, monitor the engine and even make a new electronically controlled transmission operate smoothly. Three separate companies exhibited an electronic map display mounted on the dashboard that points out the car's destination, gives instructions on the best route to follow and notes the progress of the trip.

Toyota showed the shape of things to come in Japanese cars. Whenever a different driver enters the automobile, he inserts a plastic card in the dashboard that adjusts the seats, air conditioning and mirror to his specific desires. Shock absorbers automatically regulate the car's suspension to accommodate the number of passengers. Once the car is under way, a radar-activated cruise-control senses vehicles ahead and applies the brakes when necessary. In addition, an ultrasonic system warns the driver of any obstructions up to ten feet behind the vehicle. If it starts to rain, electronic windshield wipers adjust their speed to the amount of precipitation.

Nissan, the maker of Datsuns, presented a test vehicle that allows a handicapped person to drive literally without lifting a finger. The car is equipped with a "voiced word recognition system" that will carry out spoken commands from the driver. A disabled motorist can operate the lights and other instruments and adjust the driver's seat and rear-view mirrors simply by talking to the machine. The auto is steered with a foot pedal. But the car will accept voice commands only from those whose voice it has been programmed to recognize.

Dashboard-mounted electronic map display

"Foreigners come up with all the ideas."

The main center of attention last week was the display of new mini-cars that are smaller than anything now on U.S. highways. Japan has such models ready to roll, while U.S. manufacturers are still working on blueprints. Nissan showed off a front-wheel-drive mini that will be introduced next year. Code-named the NX-018, it is powered by a gas-sipping 1,000-cc engine that is about 40% smaller than those in U.S. subcompacts, the smallest domestically produced cars. The NX-018 gets an estimated 45 m.p.g. Suzuki displayed the Cervo with an even smaller motor, and Honda presented a gleaming three-door mini-model called the City. The car gets 44.7 m.p.g., has room for four and sells in Japan for $3,600. The smallest American-built car costs about $5,000.

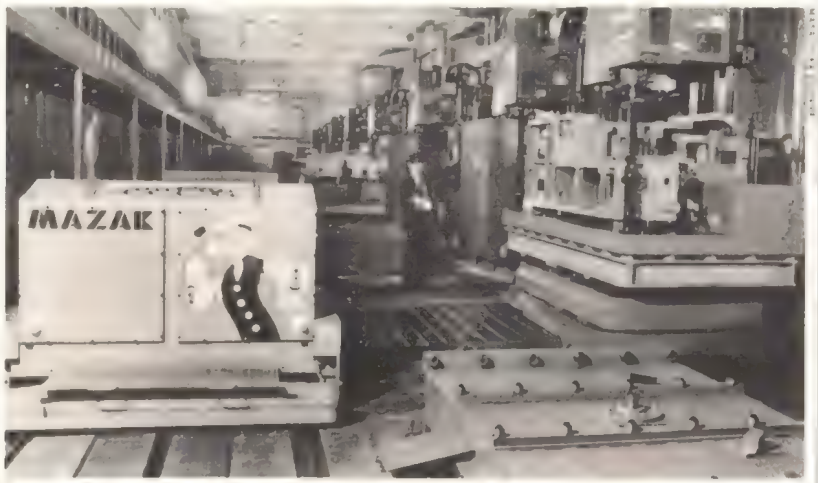
U.S. auto executives attending the Tokyo exhibition were impressed. Some feared that Detroit will be unable to match the Japanese prices on the minis. After looking at the new Honda, William Benton, worldwide marketing director for Ford, noted: "Their labor cost is about half of ours, and that isn't all. Their labor is also adaptable and flexible, and they work damned hard." Said Keith Crain, publisher of *Automotive News*: "It's like a race. All the American makers are bunched up on the backstretch, and the Japanese makers are running like hell, seemingly trying to catch up. But what they don't realize is that they aren't half a lap behind—they're half a lap ahead." If the new Japanese cars sell as some expect, Updike may have to call his next book *Rabbit Is Super Rich*. —**By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Tokyo**

Look, No Hands

Brave new world at the factory

The scene was like an eerie science fiction movie. At midnight in Nagoya, Japan, the new plant of the Yamazaki Machinery Works was deserted. The cavernous, corrugated-metal building was shrouded in darkness. The only worker in the plant was a night watchman, who patrolled the factory with a flashlight. Nonetheless, the Yamazaki Machinery Works was running at full speed, filling the night with screeches and clangs as eight-ton metal castings were milled and moved throughout the plant, untouched by human hands.

In actuality, neither Darth Vader nor Dr. Strangelove had started his own company. The nocturnal scene was merely a routine operation at the $18 million flexible manufacturing lab that Yamazaki, Japan's largest maker of machine tools, put into production last week. The computer-controlled plant is the closest thing yet to the peopleless factory that futurologists predict will some day be the brave new world of manufacturing.



A night watchman makes his rounds amid the machines at Yamazaki

"It looks like any other plant, but you are stunned by the absence of people."

The plant produces precision components, including columns and bases for lathes and other metalworking implements. To produce its monthly output of 1,400 such parts, older plants that the company runs would have required more than 200 skilled workmen laboring at 68 different pieces of equipment.

There are just 18 machining centers, operating under computer control, at the Yamazaki plant. Human workers are now needed only at the very beginning of the production process. They use cranes to load metal castings onto fixtures which are wheeled into a storage area by a yellow trolley. When the electronic factory is ready for the casting, the metal is automatically rolled from there over to the proper machining center, which selects the right tool from a large drum of some 40 accessories and begins to customize the casting according to computerized blueprints. If a drill bit should suddenly snap in two, the machine senses the problem, selects another one to replace it and finishes the job. Castings proceed automatically to other machines, and emerge as finished parts in three days, on average, compared with the three months typically required in traditional metalworking shops, where time-consuming setup and alignment are required for each different drilling, milling and grinding operation.

Yamazaki's management is enthusiastic about its new factory, which will operate around the clock, seven days a week, all year long. Says President Teruhiko Yamazaki: "The accuracy is better than humans can do, and the machines never have a blue Monday." To keep the equipment as precisely tuned as possible, workers help resharpen each machining center's drum of accessory tools every six or seven days. Such tasks, and programming the factory's computers, are all that the plant now requires of employees. There are normally ten to twelve workers in the plant during the day, but just one watchman for the night shift. Employees are pleased about the new machines, convinced they will bring additional growth to Yamazaki (current worldwide sales: $300 million). Although the automated factory meant intracompany transfers for some workers, none were laid off. Through productivity savings, Yamazaki expects to recover the factory's $18 million investment in two years.

The new plant has been visited by a group of American businessmen, including C. Jackson Grayson, chairman of the American Productivity Center. Says Grayson: "On the outside it looks like any other plant, but you are stunned by the absence of people." The factory offers one consolation to Americans fearful that the Japanese are outstripping the U.S. in technological achievement. The computer that runs the plant is a PDP-11, made by the Digital Equipment Corp. of Maynard, Mass. ■

All Savers Dud

Slow sales for certificates

The much heralded All Savers Certificates were supposed to bring an avalanche of deposits into the nation's desperately troubled savings institutions. Yet sales at both commercial banks and savings and loans are turning out to be somewhat of a letdown. Since they became available on Oct. 1, only about $40 billion worth of the new certificates has been sold, and $15 billion of that amount rolled in during the program's first week, when banks pressed an advertising blitz promoting them. Treasury officials now estimate that total deposits over the one-time-only, 15-month life of the program may wind up no higher than $100 billion, which is far below the $250 billion originally projected by the banking industry. Says a top Treasury Department official: "Sales of All Savers are drying up quickly."

The All Savers Certificates, which bankers had hoped would help their industry stay competitive with the high interest rates offered by money-market funds, give depositors up to $1,000 tax-free interest ($2,000 for a couple) on one-year investments. The notes carry an interest rate equal to 70% of the prevailing one-year Treasury-bill rate at the time the customer makes his deposit. Yet no sooner did the certificates become available than interest rates on one-year Treasury bills, as well as on other short-term investments, began to slip sharply and erode their appeal. Last week depositors could get a maximum tax-free yield of only 10.77% on All Savers, which is below the 12.61% paid in early October or the 11.75% to 13.75% that longer-term tax-free municipal bonds now offer.

It is also doubtful that even the certificates that have been sold are helping banks by bringing in new deposits. Officials at New York City's Citibank, the second largest commercial bank in the nation, estimate that much of the money flowing into their All Savers accounts is coming from Citibank customers converting their high-yielding six-month accounts of $10,000 or more, which currently pay 13.7%, into All Savers accounts. There is no penalty for doing this, and depending on the customer's tax bracket, the return may be higher. Banks welcome such shifts since it helps them to save on the interest that they have to pay to depositors, but it does not mean any new cash in their vaults. Moreover, many customers are getting money for an All Savers Certificate by taking it out of passbook accounts, which now pay no more than 5.5% interest; that actually increases the cost of borrowing money for the financial institution. Concludes Stuart Root, president of the Bowery Savings Bank of New York City, third largest in the nation: "All Savers are not a panacea for our industry, but then again, nobody really thought they would be. The certificates were seen as a Band-Aid when no other medicine was around." ■

Fighting Back

Marathon fends off Mobil

When the long-awaited assault came, Marathon Oil was well prepared to man the battlements. Within hours after the Mobil Corp. announced its $5.1 billion bid to buy the 17th largest U.S. petroleum company, members of Marathon's big-time defense team were flying to its small-town headquarters in Findlay, Ohio (pop. 38,000). Marathon was putting into action the now classic defense in a takeover battle.

One of the oil company's first steps was to summon its group of outside advisers. They included: Bruce Wasserstein and Joseph Perella, investment bankers with First Boston Corp., a Wall Street firm; Joseph Flom, a lawyer with the New York firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom; and Richard Cheney, a public relations expert with New York's Hill & Knowlton, who directed the media campaign that helped McGraw-Hill block the attempt by American Express to take it over.

At a frenzied series of weekend meetings, these hired guns huddled with Marathon's board of directors. Wasserstein and Perella told them that Mobil's offer of $85 a share was "grossly inadequate." Flom advised the directors that the offer raised serious antitrust questions. As a result, Marathon sued Mobil in Cleveland's federal district court and obtained a temporary restraining order to stall the takeover bid. Cheney and his staff arranged a satellite broadcast to television stations across the U.S. of Marathon's response to the Mobil offer.

In the meantime, Marathon directors quickly began considering their options for the next step. Many companies at this stage start looking for a so-called white knight, a firm willing to offer a higher price or more attractive merger conditions. Marathon's choices for such a savior are limited to a few giant corporations, mostly other oil companies, that have the financial resources to outbid Mobil. So far, however, no public candidates have come forward.

A federal judge ordered both Marathon and Mobil not to discuss their next moves publicly until Tuesday of this week. But documents filed last week with the Securities and Exchange Commission reveal that the Marathon board of directors has already authorized the firm's officers to use an assortment of defensive tactics. In merger circles these have been nicknamed "the grab bag." Marathon's options:

Buy back its own shares. This strategy would be used to keep them out of Mobil's hands. As early as last summer, when Marathon was first touted on Wall Street as a prime takeover candidate, the firm arranged a $5 billion line of bank credit that could be used for this type of protection.

Issue new stock. The buyers would be friendly investors who would be unlikely to sell it to Mobil. Marathon officials have the authority to boost the company's outstanding common stock from 59 million to 150 million shares.

Buy another company. Such a step would make the merger target bigger and thus tougher to take over. Just before the Mobil bid, Marathon announced a tentative deal to purchase the U.S. subsidiary of Husky Oil Ltd., Canada's 14th largest petroleum company.

While considering these moves, Marathon will continue to press its case in the courts and before the Federal Trade Commission. Either of them might thwart the Mobil takeover on antitrust grounds. Washington legal experts, though, consider that outcome unlikely. They point out that a Mobil-Marathon combination would still control barely 10% of U.S. gasoline sales in a highly competitive market. But such legal action will give Marathon more time to find a white knight with a superior offer. The goal, after all, is to secure the best deal possible before admitting defeat. ■

Fast Photos

Making pictures like pizza

An exultant Jake Faller bounded into the photo shop in Marina del Rey, Calif., with a roll of Kodacolor II film in hand. Just one hour later, the real estate developer raced back to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica to show the pictures of their new daughter to his wife, who was still in the recovery room. That rapid service is the signature of a new addition to the $2.2 billion-a-year consumer photofinishing field: the one-hour film-processing shop.

The new outlets can develop the pictures faster because of their new, on-site equipment. Most retail processors send film to a central lab, and it may take up to a week to get the pictures back. Leading the way into one-stop photo processing is California-based Fromex One Hour Photo Systems. The new fast picture service is a threat to established film processors like Fotomat, which has 3,670 locations around the U.S. and offers two-day service, and to instant-camera makers like Polaroid as well. Founded just 20 months ago, Fromex now has 62 shops either open or under construction in the U.S., is launching stores in Australia and Mexico and eyeing a spot near the Imperial Palace in Peking. A new outlet in the franchise chain is to open this week in Manhattan, with another scheduled for later this month.

Fromex was started by Dr. Bruce Frome, a Los Angeles anesthesiologist who also develops condominiums, and his wife Dede, a fashion designer. Two years ago, a cousin visiting Toronto returned to Los Angeles with tales of a Japanese processor that turned out color prints within an hour. Intrigued, the Fromes bought the equipment for $125,000 and installed it in the window of a store in Encino.

The gleaming, stainless-steel machine is now the focus in every Fromex store. Customers watch as the film goes in one end of the processor and prints come out the other. Says Dede Frome: "People get excited seeing pizza made, so we figured they would like seeing their pictures getting printed."

Fromex prices are competitive with those of conventional film processors, but some customers doubt the quality of one-hour prints. Says Analyst Eugene Glazer of Wall Street's Dean Witter Reynolds: "The one-hour turnaround does not generally appeal to 35-mm camera users. They spend more for their equipment and want higher quality." Frome insists that his prints are at least as good as those of the leading conventional film developers.

Fromex, though, faces competition in the one-hour market. Technicolor is planning to set up a rival chain of quick developing stores, and many independent photo shops are also adopting the new, faster machinery. ■

The SmithKline Forum for a Healthier American Society Vol. III No. 8 November 1981

The Heroes of Growth

Commentary:

presented by SmithKline Corporation

Salute the capitalist entrepreneurs, They dream, then act, and enrich our

"In spite of their natural selfishness and rapacity, though they mean only their own conveniency, though the sole end which they propose from the labors of all the thousands they employ be the gratification of their own vain and insatiable desires...they are led by an invisible hand...without intending it, without knowing it, to advance the interest of society."

ADAM SMITH, 1776

With these famous words about businessmen, Adam Smith, the world's leading apologist for free enterprise, created a catastrophic schism in the soul of modern capitalism. If he is right, Western society suffers from a deep conflict between its economic system and its religious values.

With friends like Adam Smith, it is fair to say, businessmen hardly need enemies. Yet, in my belief, businessmen are the heroes of the market economy. While Smith and other pro-capitalist economists offer many more sophisticated arguments *for* the system, their essential view of the nature and motivation of capitalists is insidiously false. They fail to explain in any convincing way the sources of economic growth and progress. Why do free enterprise economies succeed when self-interest, after all, is just as common in any torpid bureaucracy or stagnant socialist regime?

Capitalism: The Giving of Gifts

The fact is that capitalism is good and successful not because it miraculously transmutes personal avarice and ambition into collective prosperity but because it calls forth, propagates, and relies upon the best and most generous of human qualities.

The process of capitalist investment, for all the obvious differences, bears a close relationship to the ritual gift-giving that anthropologists have discovered to be universal in primitive life. These gifts are not offered without the expectation of a return; the outcome depends on the voluntary responses of others. In order to make a successful gift, the giver must first suppress his own appetites (save) while at the same time figuring out the desires of the recipient. To the extent the recipients value the gifts more than the givers, the profits of the system—in this case, the circles of human sympathy—will expand.

The giving impulse in modern capitalism is no less prevalent and important, no less central to all creative and productive activity, than in a primitive tribe. Look at the unending offerings of entrepreneurs: investing capital, creating products, building businesses, inventing jobs, accumulating inventories. These contributions—all long before any return is received, all without any assurance that the enterprise will not fail—constitute a pattern of giving that dwarfs in extent and in practical generosity any primitive rite of exchange. Giving is the vital impulse and moral center of capitalism; give and you will be given unto is its fundamental law.

Money as a Means, Not an End

Capitalists are motivated not chiefly by the desire to consume wealth or indulge their appetites, but by the freedom and power to consummate their entrepreneurial ideas. Whether piling up coconuts or designing new computers, they are movers and shakers, doers and givers, obsessed with positive visions of change and opportunity.

Are they greedier than doctors or writers or professors of sociology or assistant secretaries of energy or commissars of wheat? Their goals

seem more mercenary, but this is only because money is their very means of production. Just as the sociologist requires books and free time and the bureaucrat needs arbitrary power and the scientist must have a laboratory, the capitalist needs capital to fulfill his role in launching and financing enterprise. Are capitalists self-interested? Presumably. But the crucial fact about them is their deep interest and engagement in the world beyond themselves, impelled by their imagination, optimism and faith.

says social philosopher George Gilder: lives.

The Traveling Bazaar

The rewards of capitalists, however, do not simply constitute a tribute to virtue or an accommodation for a particular style of professional life. Entrepreneurs must be allowed to retain wealth for the practical reason that only they, collectively, can possibly know where it should go, to whom it should be given. Successful capitalism confronts the potential investor, public or private, with millions of small companies (nearly 16 million in the U.S.), scores of thousands of them lurching forth every year with growth rates of between 20 and 40 percent and more, and suffering from crises of expansion and cash flow. It offers a vast Babel of business plans and projects presented with every imaginable combination of managerial, marketing, engineering and huckstering skills, all inscrutably mixed in a teeming marketplace of corporations, limited partnerships, proprietorships, franchises, concessions, spreads and deals of every description.

The investor must appraise a vast traveling bazaar of new products, the overflow of a million garages and laboratories, hobby shops and machinery "skunkworks," companies all claiming "new breakthroughs," takeoff trajectories, unique product niches, firms offering fame and fortune and tax shelter, providing low cost fuel, high margin fast food, automatic profits in mail order marketing, forty-seven magazines the world needs now, the people's airline, fourteen plausible cures for asthma, the perfect coffee cup, all demanding huge infusions of instant capital, all continually bursting beyond the ken even of banks and experts, let alone government planners, regulators, and subsidizers.

The flood of protean growth can be comprehended and sustained only by investors who have money of their own and who can share in and pass on the profits as they gain new knowledge and investment skills.

Who Loves the Entrepreneur?

The fatal problem of a system without accumulations of personal income and without the possibility of large profits is not the lack of incentives but the lack of dynamism and flexibility. It is capitalism that best combines the desire and ability to do good and create value, with the resources to accomplish these goals.

Yet the contribution of these businessmen is easy to misunderstand. These capitalists provide a continuing challenge both to men who refuse a practical engagement in the world—on the grounds that it is too dangerous or corrupt—and then to men who demand power over others in the name of ideology or expertise, without first giving and risking their wealth. It is not surprising, therefore, that the chief source of the incomprehension of capitalism is the intelligentsia, one of the many aristocracies which preen themselves on a contempt for bourgeois or "middle class" values and which refuse to acknowledge the paramount role of individual enterprise in the progress of the race.

Mind Over Manner

Adam Smith himself misunderstood. His error was to found his theory on the mechanism of market exchanges themselves rather than on the business activity that makes them possible and impels their growth. In effect, he subordinated a higher and more complex level of activity—the creation of value—to a lower level, its measurement and exchange.

In *The Wealth of Nations,* Smith implies that in some possible mystical way the market process precedes and subsumes the process of production. However, man, not mechanism, is at the heart of capitalist growth. Although a marketplace may work

(continued)

George Gilder is Program Director of the International Center for Economic Policy Studies and Chairman of the Economic Roundtable at the Lehrman Institute. His latest book, Wealth and Poverty, *is exerting a major influence on public policy in the United States. Gilder's previous works include* Sexual Suicide *and* Visible Man, *among others. He contributes to* The Wall Street Journal, Harper's Magazine *and many other publications*

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OVER

mechanically, an economy is in no sense a great machine. In its manner of operation, the market provides only the routine climax, the perfunctory denouement, of a tempestuous drama, dominated by the incalculable creativity of entrepreneurs, making purposeful gifts without predetermined returns, launching enterprise into the always unknown future.

The Fulfillment of Faith

To explain capitalism, economists must gain a better understanding of the true heroes of growth, the risk-taking entrepreneurs, in large companies and small, who make the system go.

By understanding the reality of capitalism, moreover, we can close the schism between Western morality and Western economics and overcome the demoralization that afflicts so many of the most successful capitalistic societies. Ultimately the system can only thrive when people can give themselves to it in a wholehearted knowledge that in creating new wealth, they can be engaged in the highest of human callings: the service of others and the fulfillment of faith.

—George Gilder

Views expressed by participants in the SmithKline Forum are their own.
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For more of George Gilder's thoughts on the entrepreneur in the American economy, send for your free reprint of Chapter 9, *The War Against Wealth*, from Mr. Gilder's book, "Wealth and Poverty."* We will also include other Commentaries published in this Forum and several of SmithKline's *Issues for Action* pamphlets.

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Creativity

Creating new wealth is what SmithKline does. But what is wealth?

After a century and a half in business, principally as a health care company, SmithKline has arrived at its own perspective on wealth.

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We offer you the ideas in this Forum as one further creative investment. Ideas move the world. We hope they move you.

Robert F. Dee

Robert F. Dee
Chairman of the Board and
Chief Executive Officer
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Sky Swoop

A daring end to a sit-in

For months striking workers held six complex electric motors, worth $3.7 million, inside the sooty brick factory of Laurence Scott & Electromotors in Manchester, England. The machines, including two ordered by the British Admiralty for installation in NATO submarines, were awaiting shipment 28 weeks ago, when the firm's 650 workers began a sit-in after management announced that the entire work force of the ailing firm, which was losing $150,000 a week, was being laid off and the plant shut down. Despite repeated pleas from company officials, strikers refused to surrender the motors. As the weeks dragged on, the protesters exchanged their sit-in for angry picketing outside the plant gate. With negotiations at a stalemate, company officials last week successfully used a unique tactic for solving the labor-management dispute.

At 9:15 one morning, 100 policemen surrounded the factory, which sits amid the Victorian terrace houses of Manchester's Openshaw district. Officers calmly asked the workers to move away from the factory gates and the 15-ft. wall surrounding the compound. Slowly the picketers obeyed, glaring at police during a tense half-hour.

Suddenly, two chartered helicopters flew down from out of the blue to land behind the factory walls. Out of the choppers came a team of hired commandos in blue uniforms and white gloves, their heads covered by black balaclava helmets. "It was like a scene from a Hollywood jailbreak movie," recalled flabbergasted Union Convener Dennis Barry. As picketers climbed garbage cans to peer over the wall in amazement, the commandos dashed inside the factory, carried the six motors outside on push-carts and flew off with them in the blue-and-white Bell Jet-Ranger III helicopters.

Predictably, the strikers were outraged, calling the raid "an Entebbe-style operation with eight helmeted and masked scabs aboard." In a postraid broadside, the shop stewards' committee warned that other companies might employ similar commando raids against their workers. Said the stewards: "The lesson is that no matter how successful your picket, this method will be used to break strikes, break unions and send us all back to the 1930s."

In the House of Commons, Charles Morris, Openshaw's Labor M.P., blasted the raid, which was conducted with the cooperation of local police and air-traffic controllers, as too hazardous for the local citizenry. Said he: "I am most concerned about an operation which could have endangered lives. The use of helicopters in an industrial dispute is unprecedented."

After the raid, the British government claimed that it was clean. Said a spokesman for the naval yard that had ordered the machinery: "We were certainly not involved in this James Bond escapade. The motors were overdue, but we were not pressing the firm for delivery. We have no idea who did it." A spokesman for the Ministry of Defense added, "We didn't know anything like this was planned."

Millionaire Arthur Snipe, chairman of Scott's parent company, Mining Supplies of Doncaster, was more informative. He admitted that he had chartered the helicopters and ordered the raid. Said he: "We tried every peaceable means, but some of these picketers did everything they could to stop us. They are not strikers from the factory; they are flying pickets, anarchists drafted in from outside the area. We have to show these bullies and anarchists that our group of companies is determined to survive." Meanwhile, Snipe is not telling where the motors are now stashed. ■

Police stand guard as the commando team retrieves the motors in Manchester

"We have to show that our group of companies is determined to survive."

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EQUALITY: AMERICA'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Equality for blacks is a 27-year-old promise, born in the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation order, nurtured in the civil rights struggles of the '60s, codified in the Voting Rights Act and other legislation.

Where does equality stand today?

A Gannett news task force came together to find out. The members were a cross section of journalists—editors and reporters, black and white, men and women, young and veteran—and they came from Gannett News Service bureaus in Washington, D.C., from across the country, and from Gannett member newspapers in Oakland, Cincinnati, Monroe, La., Bridgewater, N.J., and elsewhere.

They crisscrossed the country, visited 45 cities and communities, conducted hundreds of interviews, and reported their nationwide findings in a 13-part series, "Equality: America's Unfinished Business," in which one reporter wrote:

"Racism still stands in the way of equality. Changes have been made on the surface. We see more black faces in business, politics and on television, but that hasn't reduced racism. It has just blunted the effects."

Gannett members supplemented that national report with an update on equality in their own communities.

In Rochester, N.Y., the Democrat and Chronicle described subtle forms of racism there... In Chicago, WVON/WGCI radio initiated a broadcast community dialogue on discrimination ... In Port Huron, Mich., the Times Herald focused on black unemployment and housing... In Marin County, Calif., the Independent Journal reported, "If you're black you have to be smarter, better dressed—perfect, just to be equal."

Some readers reacted with praise. Others wrote letters of condemnation. This hostility underlined the fact that equality is truly America's unfinished business.

At Gannett we believe it is our responsibility to work for the good of the entire community by providing news and information through newspapers, broadcasting services and outdoor advertising.

For a reprint of the Gannett News Service series, write: Gannett Co., Inc.; Corporate Communications—Dept. E; Lincoln Tower; Rochester, N.Y. 14604.

GANNETT

A WORLD OF DIFFERENT VOICES
WHERE FREEDOM SPEAKS

Taylor on *General Hospital* set

Join us now for another episode of *One Life to Liz*. As you will recall, Liz, played by Actress **Elizabeth Taylor,** 49, toiled briefly as a plump Washington matron, shed 40 lbs. and then made her triumphant Broadway debut in *Little Foxes*. As we resume our story, Liz tells the producers of ABC's *General Hospital* that she would like to play a cameo role. And so she does, in five appearances beginning this week, playing Helena Cassadine (widow of former *GH* Villain Mikkos Cassadine). Alas, it should be recorded that her effort is not pluperfect. It seems that Liz, in a repeat of last year's Tony Award speech—when she referred to Producer **James Nederlander** as James Needleheimer—trips over the pronunciation of her own character's last name. Several takes later, she finally masters *Cass-uh-dine*. Whew. Says Liz afterward: "And I thought I could act."

■

Maureen Reagan, 40, surprised almost no one last week by announcing her candidacy for the Republican nomination for the 1982 California Senate race. Like the incumbent, Senator **S.I. Hayakawa,** 75, the former talk-show host is pro-choice on abortion. Maureen also has an instinct for the political jugular. As she once declared during her father's presidential drive: "We will certainly be able to sling the mud, to kick below the belt, to trip, to scratch if we have to."

■

"It sounded like the San Diego Chicken in heat," said **Johnny Carson** of the first TV appearance of the Big Blue Wrecking Crew. Four members of the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers made up the group: Outfielders **Jay Johnstone,** 35, and **Rick Monday,** 35, Pitcher **Jerry Reuss,** 31, and Catcher **Steve Yeager,** 32. On the Crew's new single—to be released this week—side one's rendition of *We Are Champions* is bested in sheer painful execution only by the flipside, *New York, New York*. Admits Yeager: "It took us six hours to record and about 15 hours to straighten the sound out."

Reagan launching her campaign

■

The honeymoon over, it was time for **Prince Charles,** 32, and **Diana, Princess of Wales,** 20, to get down to business. There was, for instance, last week's opening of Parliament. In her first state appearance, Diana graced a chair to the right of the throne, with, as the *Times* of London put it, "the Prince of Wales at her side." Then came more momentous news, just three months after the royal nuptials. "It is announced from Buckingham Palace," read the statement, "that the Princess of Wales is expecting a baby in June." The royal offspring will become second in line to the throne behind Charles, who may attend the birth himself. He seems resigned to his new role as supporting player, although at one point during the opening of Parliament, the Prince turned to his Princess—splendid in a white satin and chiffon gown and diamond tiara—and, according to one observer, was thought to have remarked, "Diana, stop stealing the show."

Diana offering a veiled smile before the big news of her pregnancy

■

The Memphis blues are over for **Dr. George Nichopoulos,** 54. As **Elvis Presley's** physician during the final eleven years of the singer's life, Nichopoulos had been charged with eleven counts of dispensing vast quantities of narcotics, sedatives and amphetamines to Presley and ten other patients. During the 16 days of testimony in Memphis, the prosecution said the physician had prescribed more than 12,000 doses of various drugs to Presley in the last 20 months of his life. But defense witnesses painted a picture of a doctor who took in patients other doctors had spurned, a "good Samaritan" who tried to curb Presley's habit. Last week the jury returned its verdict: not guilty on all counts.

—By E. Graydon Carter

Dodgers Yeager, Monday, Johnstone and Reuss stressing team performance as Big Blue Wrecking Crew

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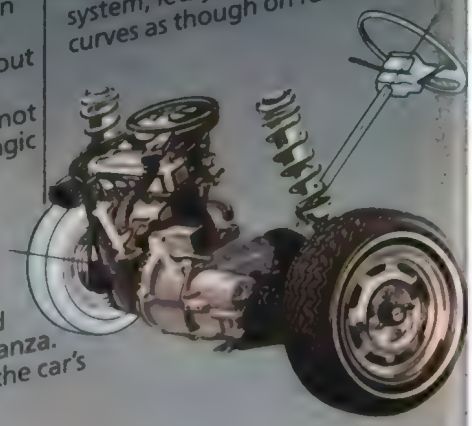

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DATSUN
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A wall of Minnesota Gophers falls on Kenny Watkins as Wildcats lose, 35-23

Interstate 94, Northwestern 0

That's a joke, but the 0-29 "Mildcats" aren't laughing

Northwestern's Wildcats, outright Big Ten football champs as recently as 1936, were torn last week over what to do: "Stop State at 28" or go for the record. Should Northwestern, beaten in 28 straight games since September 1979, establish an alltime major college losing streak Saturday, or beat Michigan State?

Willy Wildcat and the cheerleaders were sent from Evanston to downtown Chicago, 20 miles south, to poll pedestrians, who voted for victory. Losing had become fashionable at Northwestern, but no more.

Sideline blues

Willy was pleased. By tradition, the mascot (Freshman Keith Lewis in a wildcat suit) is caged at the start of every home game and set loose whenever the first points are scored for Northwestern. Three home shutouts in a row can make a wildcat stir crazy.

The road to defeat has been as well traveled around Evanston as a nearby highway. A campus joke: Interstate 94, Northwestern 0. The "Mildcats," as they are unkindly called, are 2-50-1 over the past five years. So far this season, the team has yielded an average of more than 500 yds. a game and been outscored 386-64, 114-0 in the first quarter alone. The Wildcats have not led in any game.

Northwestern has plenty of excuses: it is the only private school in the Big Ten, with fewer than 7,000 undergraduates (next smallest in the conference is Iowa with 24,000). Northwestern also believes football players should be able to read and write. A grade point average of at least 2.7 is required, compared with 2.2 at other Big Ten schools. The athletic budget was nearly doubled last year to $4 million, but it is still the lowest in the conference.

Northwestern's football futility is held up as testimony to its lofty academic standards, and successes are usually recounted amid apologies. At the mention of the year Northwestern won the Rose Bowl (1949), it is usually added that the Wildcats were merely Big Ten co-champions in 1948 and made the trip to Pasadena because a conference rule prevented Michigan from going two years in a row.

Glum Coach Dennis Green on the sideline

"We're not used to playing hard enough."

Many men no more tolerant of losing than New York Yankees Owner George Steinbrenner (an assistant coach for Northwestern's winless 1955 team) have been unable to do much about it at Northwestern. Ara Parseghian supplied some euphoric times in the late '50s and early '60s, when the flip-card section at Dyche Stadium reached a point of such giddiness that cards were tossed, spectators hurt and the section disbanded.

According to McLean Stevenson, then in the athletic department, Northwestern has had more than a touch of such luck. "We kept searching for guys with pointed ears, no necks and crew haircuts," Stevenson says, "but all we ever seemed to find were nice-looking, well-mannered kids who were fun on the bus." Northwestern alumni are more likely to be actors (Charlton Heston, Warren Beatty) than pro football players (only two are in the N.F.L. now: Pete Shaw of San Diego and Jack Rudnay of Kansas City). When Stevenson was cast as Colonel Henry Blake in the television show *M*A*S*H*, a staple of his wardrobe was to be a purple Northwestern sweater with a white *N*. But the colors glared on-camera; the sweater had to be dyed blue; the *N* was chopped down to an off-kilter *I* and dyed orange. Suddenly it was an Illinois sweater. Poor Northwestern.

And blahs

First-year Coach Dennis Green, 32, and Athletic Director Doug Single, 30, served apprenticeships at Stanford, whose strong academics and respectable football program are a model for Northwestern. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs, Single vowed: "We're in the Big Ten to stay." Green, a bullnecked black man in his first head-coaching job, passed up a possible tie in the season opener when he ordered an unsuccessful two-point conversion in a one-point loss to Indiana. He is a straight talker, given to sometimes bitter post-game oratory. After his eighth loss, to Wisconsin (52-0), Green angered longer-sufferers when he said: "I'm embarrassed to have my name associated with Northwestern University." In a much softer voice, he said, "We're not used to playing hard enough at Northwestern."

Last Saturday the Wildcats broke the losing streak record they shared with Virginia (1958-60) and Kansas State (1945-48). And they did it in style. Michigan State marched to a touchdown with the opening kickoff, scored every time it had the ball in the first half, and led 41-0 at intermission. Northwestern wound up losing 61-14, and with powerful Ohio State and improving Illinois still ahead this season, victory was not yet in sight. ■

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Sexes

Dick and Jane in Basic Training

The trials, and errors, of an integrated Army

One cold April dawn in 1979, the new, integrated Army arrived at Fort McClellan, Ala. The jittery recruits of Alpha Company, 87 men and 76 women mostly between the ages of 18 and 22, stepped off the ramshackle buses and began basic training together. They shared barracks (on alternate floors), mess halls and bivouacs, and a few occasionally made clandestine love in the laundry room or the latrines. When the six weeks of marching, spitting, polishing, obstacle coursing and weapons training were over, and the tears, exhaustion, pride and exhilaration forgotten, Writer Helen Rogan asked their commanding officer, a woman, what differences she had noted between the men and women. Said she: "The men overloaded the washing machines because they didn't know how to use them."

As Rogan points out in her groundbreaking new book *Mixed Company. Women in the Modern Army* (Putnam; $14.95), the answer was not entirely accurate. The women's physical standard was slightly different, mainly because men are generally larger and possess greater upper-body strength. Some women with small hands had trouble negotiating the handguards of the M-16 rifle, others with short legs could not keep up with the standard 30-in. marching step. The women were required to do fewer push-ups and sit-ups than the men (16 push-ups and 27 sit-ups for the women, 40 of each for the men), and were allowed a little over 22 minutes, instead of just under 18, for running two miles. According to Rogan, who watched the full cycle of basic: "Some men and women couldn't run; some men cried and were scared. The most important differences were between people when it came to training soldiers." For the most part, she concludes, the success of either sex depended on how well the drill sergeants dealt with those individual differences.

The U.S. has more than 67,000 women in its active Army, 8.9% of the total. The women were recruited as a result of national policy, partly in the belief that they might upgrade the declining quality of the all-volunteer force. At enlisted level many of them are, in fact, better educated and motivated than their male counterparts. But they march on the quaking ground of social change, resisted, harassed, endlessly studied with the concentration scientists might devote to a baffling new virus.

The very subject of women in the military stirs deep emotions and prejudices. Wherever women soldiers are involved, they tend to be seen as "the problem," and rarely are they asked for their own solutions. Rogan above all listens—to the veterans of the now disbanded Women's Army Corps, to the officers and raw recruits, to the new West Point cadets. She is the first person to report on the experiences of women in the Army, and her book is a touching, though often dispiriting account of personal changes and dashed hopes as men and women are processed into soldiers.

"You have to laugh, or else you'd cry," says a recruit named Elizabeth on the first day of training. The women are issued boots cut so badly that many get stress fractures and muscle spasms. One week they are ordered to tuck in their blouses to look like the males. The next week they are ordered not to, to avoid attracting male attention. Blamed as a group for the failure of any one of them, most still show a stubborn patriotic pride.

Women often do better at riflery than men because they listen to instruction while men tend to think they know it all. A veteran male drill sergeant, proud of his work with female recruits, tells Rogan: "Today's women won't find anything that hard to adjust to in the military. It's the males—you're talking about reconditioning the human male to accept a woman as a wife and mother and at the same time as a fighting partner."

Most of the current arguments, says Rogan, center on physical strength and its importance in soldiering. But, she points out, women are growing up stronger be-

Mixed company confronting its drill sergeant
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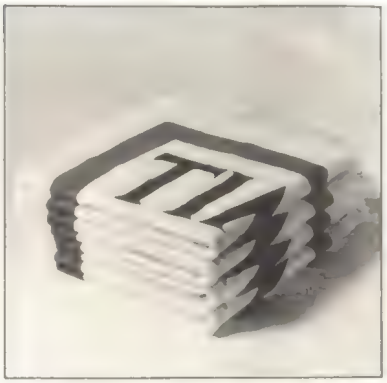

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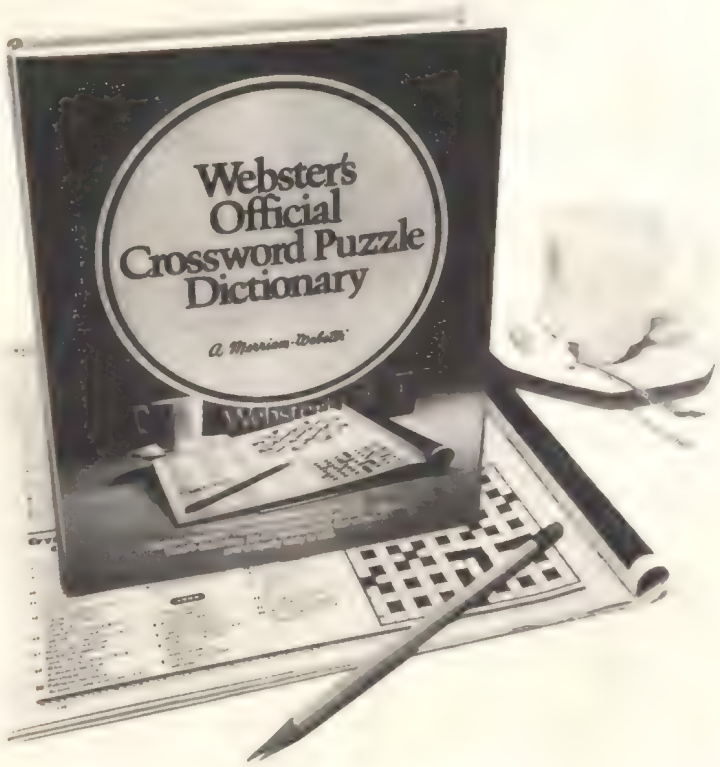

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Sexes

cause of school sports programs under Title IX. Even if most women cannot do as many chin-ups or run as far as fast as most men, can they still make capable modern soldiers? Rogan's answer, which the book mainly bears out, is yes.

Mixed Company suggests that much of the harassment women get in the Army, especially the women cadets at West Point, is due to the Army's own confusion about changing ideas of male identity. Women officer candidates are poor at push-ups, but they prove outstanding on human flexibility, concern for the well-being of their troops and the teamwork essential to an all-volunteer Army. "In the Army, attitudes are fact," Rogan writes. If the attitude is that women are a hindrance to standards, then they tend to be treated accordingly. But one female officer snaps: "Discrimination is unprofessional." Whether or not women are discriminated against, she adds, depends on the caliber of leadership at any particular base. In integrating the sexes militarily, the crucial factor seems to be numbers. Rogan concludes, "Wherever there are women, there must be enough women."

Helen Rogan

Keeping the women the Army already has is a problem. Many leave because of pregnancy (about 8% a year get pregnant). The solutions, Rogan believes, are child care and better provisions for pregnancy leave. Furthermore, Rogan says, the high attrition rate for all women could be sharply reduced if they were taken seriously, properly used and not harassed so much. As she notes of female West Point cadets: "Occasionally people would say scornfully to them, 'If you can't stand up to this, what will you do in combat?' The difference was that in combat they would not have expected to be tortured *by their own side.*"

At the moment, the Administration has put a "pause" on increasing the number of women in the Army, while yet another review board is preparing yet another assessment of the women's role. The idea of females in uniform was new even to Rogan, 35, who was born in Edinburgh and educated at Cambridge University before coming to the U.S. "My idea of a soldier was always a man. It was startling to see women, especially in command over men. And startling to see how quickly it seemed natural." Rogan believes that arguments about women's participation in the Army are now academic. "Women want to serve, and the Army needs the women's contribution if it is to become truly representative of the country it must defend." But the issue may very well depend on whether the volunteer force continues, or the country goes back to the draft.

—By Jane O'Reilly

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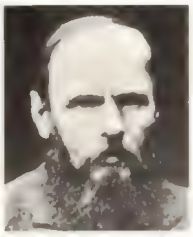
LECTURES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE *by Vladimir Nabokov*
edited by Fredson Bowers; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 324 pages; $19.95

Most classroom lectures die with the clanging of a bell. The captive audience departs, some members perhaps carrying away scribbled notes to be puzzled over just before the final exam. The teacher who wants to live any longer than that in student memories had better be unusually vivid, opinionated or brilliant.

Vladimir Nabokov was all three. Those who heard him at Wellesley and Cornell during the 1940s and '50s had no way of knowing that their émigré instructor would become world famous, thanks to a child named Lolita. They did recognize him as a spellbinder. Word of mouth about his classes coalesced into legends. Young people signed up with him to study fiction but wound up taking Nabokov.

This book preserves what remains of Nabokov's long-ago lectures on six Russian writers: Chekhov, Dostoyevsky, Gogol, Gorky, Tolstoy and Turgenev. It is an altogether fit companion to *Lectures on Literature*, the collection of his talks on European authors that was published to high praise last year. Editor Fredson Bowers, who assembled both volumes, has done a commendable job of bringing mismatched parts (typescripts, handwritten pages, random jottings) into a coherent whole. The result is not the book that Nabokov would have written. So fastidious about his own words that he conducted interviews in writing, the author would probably have given these lectures a thorough scrubbing before airing them in print. He surely would have noticed contradictions: he calls Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* "that greatest of great short stories" and Gogol's *The Overcoat* the "greatest Russian short story ever written." He would have excised repetitions and pared down exhaustive quotations. Such revisions might have produced a book that is more polished and persuasive; they might also have eliminated a good deal of idiosyncratic fun.

Leo Tolstoy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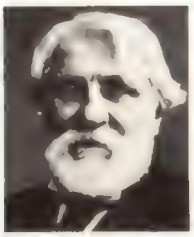
Ivan Turgenev

Maxim Gorky

Vladimir Nabokov: hectoring and cajoling

Nabokov the teacher assumes that his charges know little about 19th century Russia and its writers. So he provides chronologies and thumbnail biographies, often enlivened by impish detail: "He [Gorky] tramped on foot all over Russia, to Moscow, and once there made straight for Tolstoy's house. Tolstoy was not at home, but the Countess invited him into the kitchen and treated him to coffee and rolls. She observed that a great number of bums kept coming to see her husband, to which Gorky politely agreed." Nabokov does not mind inserting himself into his descriptions of his homeland: "Petersburg the sophisticated, cold, formal, fashionable, and relatively young capital where some 30 years later I was born."

He assumes center stage in other ways. He not only imparts information but hectors and cajoles students into seeing it his way. He sternly warns them against using fiction as a magic casement with a good view of reality: "If you expect to find out something about Russia . . . if you are interested in 'ideas' and 'facts' and 'messages,' keep away from Gogol." He preaches constantly that novels and stories should be "about" nothing but themselves: "The word, the expression, the image is the true function of literature. *Not* ideas."

Yet 19th century Russian fiction is a minefield of philosophies and factual details; watching Nabokov the aesthete tiptoe across this densely packed ground is one of the book's chief entertainments. He frequently courts disaster. He condemns Dostoyevsky because it "is questionable whether one can really discuss the aspects of 'realism' or of 'human experience' when considering an author whose gallery of characters consists almost exclusively of neurotics and lunatics." Hands and voices are raised, or should have been, reminding the professor that such issues are supposed to be irrelevant when discussing art. Nabokov inches back, just in time. Dostoyevsky misses being a great writer "I repeat, not because the world he creates is unreal—all the worlds of writers are unreal—but because it is created too hastily without any sense of the harmony and economy which the most irrational masterpiece is bound to comply with . . "

Nabokov is very good on Tolstoy, Gogol and Chekhov, whom he deems the best fiction writers that 19th century Russia produced. He is better still on Vladimir Nabokov, born 1899. To read his criticism of others is to learn more about *Ada*, *Lolita*, *Pale Fire* and the rest. Like most great authors, he transforms the objects of his study into emblems of his art. —*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"My position in regard to Dostoyevsky is a curious and difficult one. In all my courses I approach literature from the only point of view that literature interests me—namely the point of view of enduring art and individual genius. From this point of view Dostoyevsky is not a great writer, but a rather mediocre one—with flashes of excellent humor, but, alas, with wastelands of literary platitudes in between. In *Crime and Punishment* Raskolnikov for some reason or other kills an old female pawnbroker and her sister. Justice in the shape of an inexorable police officer closes slowly in on him until in the end he is driven to a public confession, and through the love of a noble prostitute he is brought to a spiritual regeneration that did not seem as incredibly banal in 1866 . . . as it does now . . ."

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Books

Schlockmeister

KING OF THE CONFESSORS
by Thomas Hoving
Simon & Schuster; 365 pages; $16.95

"Success, adulation—notice—are my primary wishes. Can I be serious?" Well, dear diary, yes and no. The young man pondering his future, one night in 1960, was an assistant curator at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City whose name was Thomas P.F. Hoving. Before he took up a third career interviewing auctioneers, celebrities and mechanical sharks as a "cultural correspondent" for ABC, Hoving had two others: first as a scholar of medieval art, and second as director of the Met from 1967 to 1978. The feat that did most to lift him from the curatorial ruck and make him *papabile* was a work of art he acquired for the Cloisters in 1963. The Bury St. Edmunds Cross, a 12th century English ivory carving, was and still is one of the finest medieval objects in America. It is unsettling as well, since much of its complicated biblical and patristic symbolism insists that the Jews were the killers of Christ and thus an accursed people, so detestable that the usual inscription over the crucified Savior's head, "King of the Jews," appears as "King of the Confessors." If ever one needed proof that a work of art can be both aesthetically ravishing and morally vile, the cross supplies it.

It took Hoving three years of plotting and research to authenticate the ivory cross, establish its background, and pry it out of the hands of its owner, a shady and cunning Yugoslav named Topic Mimara. It was probably war loot, and Topic Mimara kept it (where else?) in a Zurich bank vault, while he lived (where else?) in Tangier. It was stored with a mass of fakes and rubbish that he also wanted to sell to the Met. It was very expensive at $600,000, an unheard-of price for a medieval object 20 years ago. But as Hoving reasoned, with the delicate sense of public relations that would mark his career at the Met, "Medieval art might be accorded a certain cachet by the expenditure of a stratospheric sum." Other museums, especially British ones, were after the cross, but the Met got it.

It is a fairly intriguing story, though Hoving told it more concisely in *The Chase, the Capture*, part of a book on collecting policy issued by the Met six years ago. Stretched to this length, it becomes prolix. *Le style c'est l'homme*, and Hoving's style reflects the character he showed when he was in power at the museum—windy, lapel-grabbing and insincerely populist. The tone is struck in the first sentence: "The vast halls of the Metropolitan . . . were awesomely still." All halls, tomes, sums of money and issues at stake tend to be "vast." Most stillnesses, works of art, asking prices and responsibilities are "awesome." The only sound on

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Thomas Hoving

Judith Krantz meets raiders of the ark.

the hushed peaks of High Art is the labored twanging of Hoving's exclamation points. He sounds like a comic-strip parody of Winckelmann. "My tree!" he erupts on seeing the cross in the bank. "Uncanny. Incomparable! The cross is *incomparable*. I have to have this thing. I must get it! I have to possess this magnificent cross. My God, I have to make this thing mine! How? But how?" End of chapter. All this swooning and bellowing drowns the narrative. It is the prose equivalent of those blockbuster shows that Hoving, as museum director, was so keen on mounting.

What most excites the author's awe and rapture, apart from the melodrama of culture, is himself. "You astonish me," cries Harold Parsons, an old dealers' go-between with whom Hoving is having lunch in Rome. "I had conjured up a different image of Thomas Hoving, assistant curator of the Cloisters, than what I have found. I imagined you as a dour and humorless art historian—a short, fairly fat young fellow—powerfully steeped in some obscure soup of the Middle Ages. A junior James Rorimer. Now, I hope that doesn't offend you. How utterly at odds with my image is reality! Here I find myself conversing with a thin, angular individual with an aristocratic face, refreshingly articulate, seasoning his conversation with wit and sensitivity. I find it all enormously pleasing. Tell me about yourself." A tin ear for dialogue is set on each side of that aristocratic face. However, the striking thing about such passages is the utter seriousness with which Hoving serves up his fantasies of the epic self. His book has the peculiar flavor of an old-

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Editors' Choice

FICTION: The Book of Lights, *Chaim Potok* • Easy Travel to Other Planets, *Ted Mooney* • A Flag for Sunrise, *Robert Stone* • The Hotel New Hampshire, *John Irving* Rabbit Is Rich, *John Updike* Reinhart's Women, *Thomas Berger*

NONFICTION: Among the Believers: An Islamic Journey, *V.S. Naipaul* Elvis, *Albert Goldman* • Mrs. Harris. The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor, *Diana Trilling* • The Physicists, *C.P. Snow* • Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession, *Janet Malcolm*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Cujo, *King (1 last week)*
2. An Indecent Obsession, *McCullough (2)*
3. The Hotel New Hampshire, *Irving (3)*
4. Remembrance, *Steel (4)*
5. Noble House, *Clavell (5)*
6. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (6)*
7. The Legacy, *Fast (7)*
8. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders (8)*
9. Baja Oklahoma, *Jenkins*
10. Gorky Park, *Smith*

NONFICTION

1. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (1)*
2. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (2)*
3. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney (3)*
4. Pathfinders, *Sheehy*
5. Elvis, *Goldman (8)*
6. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (4)*
7. Cosmos, *Sagan (5)*
8. Theory Z, *Ouchi (9)*
9. The Best of Dear Abby, *Van Buren*
10. Teenage Romance or How to Die of Embarrassment, *Ephron (6)*

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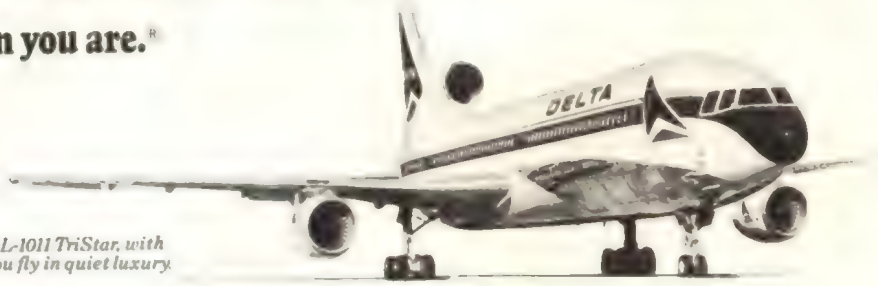

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France's Philosopher of Power

Elusive and exasperating, Michel Foucault has a growing cult

Watching French Marxists grapple with the radical theories of Michel Foucault, says the philosopher's Translator Alan Sheridan, is like watching "a policeman attempting to arrest a particularly outrageous drag queen." The solemn specialists who patrol the American university have their own difficulties with Foucault. Leo Bersani of the French department at Berkeley eulogizes him as "our most brilliant philosopher of power," but Yale Historian Peter Gay dismisses him: "He doesn't do any research, he just goes on instinct." Anthropologist Clifford Geertz of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study attempts a new classification: "He has become a kind of impossible object: a nonhistorical historian, an antihumanistic human scientist. He is what any French savant seems to need to be these days: elusive."

The object of all this controversy is a taut, trim man of 55, whose shaven skull and steel-rimmed spectacles give him a remarkable resemblance to Telly Savalas playing Kojak. On one of his periodic forays to the U.S., a week ago, Foucault appeared in the brick-and-glass Davidson Conference Center of the University of Southern California to participate in a three-day symposium on himself. As usual the hall overflowed with students and professors trying to unravel the mysteries of "panoptic discourse," "bio-power" and other matters raised in Foucault's intricately argued and opaquely written works. "Do not ask me who I am and do not ask me to remain the same," says he. "Leave it to our bureaucrats and our police to see that our papers are in order."

Officially, Foucault's papers declare that since 1970 he has been a professor at the celebrated Collège de France, which permitted Foucault to create for himself a new field that he called "the history of systems of thought." Most of his work, though, is done in an expensively austere Paris apartment that could pass for an ivory tower. The book-lined walls are painted off-white, and the eighth-floor view overlooking the rooftops of Paris is spectacular. The only sign of frivolity: a marijuana plant burgeoning among the petunias on the terrace.

In this setting, Foucault has produced a piercing and extremely influential series of books on the subtlest problems of individual liberty and social coercion. In analyzing the relationship between power and truth, he is in the process of redefining both. The nine major books translated into English range from *Madness and Civilization* (1961) through studies of hospitals (*The Birth of the Clinic*, 1966), prisons (*Discipline and Punish*, 1975) to the first volume of a projected five-volume *History of Sexuality* (1976). Foucault is now finishing the second volume, for publication early in 1982, but anyone who expects lurid revelations will be disappointed.

"I did not wish to write a book on sexual behavior," says Foucault. "What I wanted to know was what questions people posed on sexuality, and why. Why, for example, did questions about sex play a larger and larger role in the Christian practice of confession in the 16th and 17th centuries?" After restudying Greek and Latin texts, Foucault says he shifted "the center of gravity" in his newest book to include more classical material on a Foucaultian range of questions: What advice did the Greeks give to newlyweds? What diets did their doctors prescribe? Did they think men or women got more enjoyment from love?

MICHAEL YADA

Foucault entertains followers on a visit to University of Southern California

"He has become a kind of impossible object, a nonhistorical historian."

As the son of a physician in provincial Poitiers, Foucault turned to the study of psychology, and disliked it, particularly his internship at Ste. Anne mental hospital in Paris. "I felt very close to and not very different from the inmates," he says. "I was also uneasy about the profession of medicine. It was there that the question was planted: What is medical power? What is the authority that permits it?" After teaching psychopathology in Paris, and then French at Sweden's University of Uppsala, the restless young Foucault held official positions in Warsaw and Hamburg. Out of his wanderings, internal and external, came *Madness and Civilization*, which begins with a poetic evocation of the medieval ships of fools—those wandering hulks that really did bear captive cargoes of madmen away from their own communities.

Foucault had some specific historical questions to ask: Why were the various hostels and shelters of Paris consolidated in 1656 into one general hospital? Why were similar institutions soon built in all provincial cities? And why were they filled not only with the chronically ill but with both the insane and the unemployed? Because, Foucault argued, the dawning Age of Reason was also an age of classification, a time of new differentiations between the normal and the abnormal, and thus of radical new forms of social regulation. Instead of regarding the insane as possessors of a special kind of knowledge, as the Middle Ages did, the Age of Reason locked them up and silenced them. Today Joan of Arc would be treated with Thorazine. Yet Foucault not only insisted that the changing definitions of insanity are arbitrary, but that they also define sanity and, indeed, reason itself. And those definitions also change.

Many modern historians assume that history flows glacially in a certain direction, and that it is their function to chart that flow, toward liberty, or capitalism, or the national state. Foucault claims, by contrast, that there are sharp breaks—"discontinuities," he calls them—separating one historical period from another. At each such break, the new age unconsciously creates a new intellectual framework for its view of the world. Foucault calls this framework an *episteme*, from the Greek word for science or knowledge. It represents a radically different sense of whether a statement is true, even of what life itself is.

One such break in the mid-17th century finally ended the Middle Ages' emphasis on the resemblances among all God's creations (Shakespeare: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin") and began the Age of Reason's passion for differentiation. Another "discontinuity," shortly after the French Revolution, ushered in the modern age's passionate belief in evolutionary progress, both social and scientific. According to Foucault a third break may be occurring now, but he offers no clear definition of it, and no explanation of how or why such breaks occur.

"M. Foucault," wrote one irritated colleague, "races through three centuries at full speed, like a barbarian horseman. He sets fire to the steppe without caution."

It was the French student rebellion of 1968 that pushed Foucault's thinking in a political direction. "I ask myself," he later told an interviewer, "what else I was talking about, in *Madness and Civilization*, if not power." Knowledge is power, Foucault now came to believe, or more specifically, "power and knowledge directly imply one another." So if each historic age developed new forms of knowing itself, new forms of defining life, then each age was really exercising new forms of power.

Military and police power were only the most obvious forms. As Foucault sees it, every accumulation of social knowledge, every kind of inspection, categorization and judgment is an exercise of power. Doctors, teachers, priests all take part in that exercise of power, but, most important, the modern citizen is trained to exercise state power over his fellow citizens and himself. "A stupid despot may constrain his slaves with iron chains," Foucault wrote in *Discipline and Punish*, "but a true politician binds them even more strongly by the chains of their own ideas . . . The link is all the stronger in that we do not know what it is made of." And this chain of a man's own ideas, this accumulation of examinations, inspections, definitions and regulations, this intellectual prison is the man himself, Foucault believes. There is no basic human nature underneath, awaiting liberation.

YADA

U.S.C. students press Foucault for explanations of his complex writings

"Do not ask me who I am, do not ask me to remain the same."

Foucault traces the origins of his bleak views ("I cannot experience pleasure," he told an interviewer) to a childhood under the Nazi Occupation. Says he: "I have very early memories of an absolutely threatening world, which could crush us. To have lived as an adolescent in a situation that had to end, that had to lead to another world, for better or worse, was to have the impression of spending one's entire childhood in the night, waiting for dawn. That prospect of another world marked the people of my generation, and we have carried with us, perhaps to excess, a dream of Apocalypse."

Like many intellectuals of his generation, Foucault joined the Communists after World War II; he quit within two years, sooner than most. Marxism "interested me but left me dissatisfied," he recalls; Marx himself was, after all, a product of the 19th century *episteme*. As for the "young people of my generation who were attracted to Marxism, they found in it a means of prolonging that adolescent dream of another world." Foucault remains politically unclassifiable but generally within the radical left. Says he: "I lived in Sweden, country of liberty, then Poland, a country quite to the contrary, and these experiences showed me that whatever the legal system, mechanisms of power constrain the individual and direct his conduct in an effort to normalize him."

Foucault's views are colored to some extent by his homosexuality. That too he sees as an issue of power. Says he: "I was never really integrated into the Communist Party because I was homosexual, and it was an institution that reinforced all the values of the most traditional bourgeois life." In his historical research, Foucault was impressed by the fact that although a few homosexuals were burned at the stake as late as the 18th century, such drastic punishment was rarely actually used. Says he: "The practice of arrest served rather as a mechanism of control. So I tried to turn the problem around, saying to myself, 'Why was the state so interested in sexuality?' "

Foucault's historical researches unearth extraordinary documents that he publishes separately as supporting evidence. Thus his inquiries into crime led to the discovery of a confession that he quoted as its own title: *I, Pierre Rivière, having slaughtered my mother, my sister, and my brother* . . . Foucault's studies of sexuality led similarly to *Herculine Barbin—Being the Recently Discovered Memoirs of a Nineteenth-Century French Hermaphrodite*, which he prefaced with one of his most startling rhetorical questions: "Do we truly need a true sex?" His newest discoveries, due out in book form shortly, are a series of 18th century cases in which men asked the Parisian authorities to imprison their wives or children. Says Foucault, with considerable understatement: "There is in this series an aspect of family conflict that speaks to the families' rapport with power."

To those historians who rebuke him for being too personal and too impressionistic, Foucault offers a bristling response. "If I wished to be a historian in the present sense of the word, that would not be difficult," he says. "But it would be better to ask why I have done what I have done. This problem, say, of locking up the mentally ill—did historians bring it up? No, it was necessary for a 'twisted' person to have the bad idea of introducing questions at once personal and political. But historians always take their problems from the present. If it is not from the immediacy of their personal lives, or the political and social life of their country, it is simply from their university environment."

Foucault's constant turning around of problems, his new questions that often remain unanswered, can be exasperating. He frequently thrusts forward a dramatic idea only to back off and start redefining terms. "It is not so much power that interests me," muses the philosopher of power, "but the history of subjectivity. My problem is to make a history of this society of normalization." His critics justifiably argue that his research is too narrowly limited to French history and his theories somewhat derivative from earlier thinkers. Even his admirers raise some basic objections. Says Columbia University Professor of English Literature Edward Said: "Foucault has never been able to explain historical change, how things get done. There is also no role in his scheme for such things as justice, freedom, beauty, those positive ideals." Adds Princeton Philosophy Professor Richard Rorty: "His obviously sincere attempt to make philosophical thinking be of some use is not going to get anywhere unless he . . . can join the bourgeois liberals he despises in speculating where we go from here."

Foucault shrugs off such criticisms as a matter of differing philosophical systems. Says he: "Among the reasons it is truly difficult to have a dialogue with the Americans and English is that for them the critical question for the philosopher is, 'Is it true?' whereas the German-French tradition consists basically of posing the question, 'Why do we think as we do? What effect does it have?' I consider the problems that I pose to be those of modern man."

That may be why Foucault exerts such a strange fascination on a growing cult of students. This is a time when the young, especially, see themselves enmeshed in a thousand invisible wires of social control. If Foucault's theories often seem inconsistent or incomplete, that is partly because they are still evolving in his head. The main point is that he is thinking boldly about problems that need thought. —***By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Sandra Burton/Paris***

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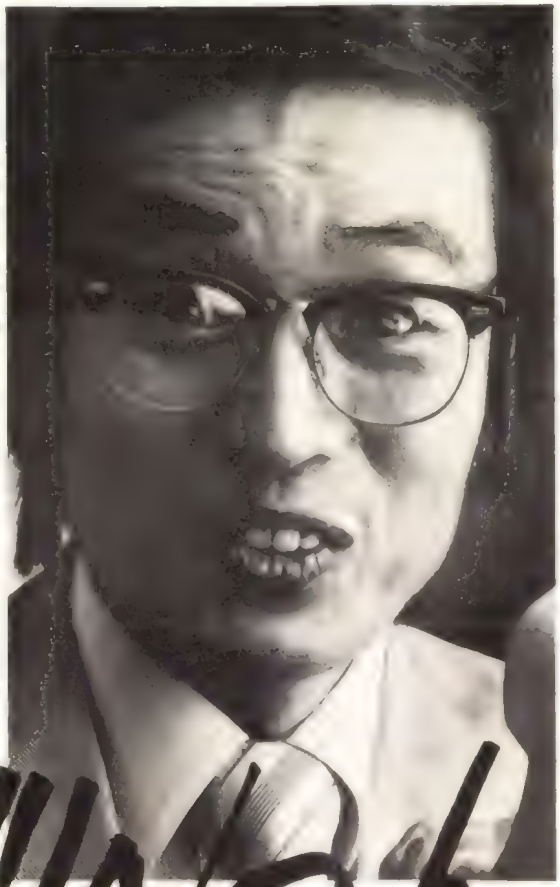

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"Wak Steki!"

The Secret Life of the Common Cold

"Do you know what it is to succumb to an insurmountable day mare—a whoresome lethargy—an indisposition to do anything—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb soporifical goodfornothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events—a mind stupor—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience?"

Charles Lamb groaned forth that question in the 19th century, but anybody in any epoch ought to be able to answer it with a simple yes. Anybody, that is, who has ever had a cold. Even people who have never had a cold, if any there be, are pretty likely to know something about the peculiar miseries of the ailment. After all, nobody old enough to understand talk could easily avoid all knowledge of the cold: it is one disease that has never been discussed in whispers.

Quite the contrary. People, even when hoarse, tend to discourse clearly and repetitiously about the common cold. Cold victims routinely elucidate their suffering; those who are ordinarily laconic grow voluble, and the normally gabby become windy, lugubrious. With or without colds, people eagerly pass around whatever they possess of society's huge accumulation of folklore on the subject. (Benjamin Franklin was an archetypal expert on avoiding colds: convinced that fresh air would do the job, Franklin once explained his theory so thoroughly to John Adams that he put the future President to sleep.) There are certain cold sufferers, true, who snuffle around telling everybody that the affliction is not as bad as it is cracked up to be, but their stoicism does not require them to talk any less about it.

As the new cold season now arriving will demonstrate, almost nobody suffers the common cold in silence. Yet very little can usefully be said on the subject, because the common cold remains a little black hole of a disease, ultimately obscure and myth-ridden. Science, to be sure, has learned a good deal about the cold. One unsettling modern discovery is that the invisible nature of the ailment is amazingly varied. The common cold is in fact caused by 200 or so distinct viruses. Medical science, of course, has not mastered the knack of immunizing against any of them. So the state of the art of cold prevention can be boiled down to a very few words based on the discovery that colds are transmitted person to person, most often by hand. The best, still imperfect cold avoidance program thus consists of washing the hands frequently when colds are about and keeping the hands away from the nose and eyes. The state of the art of curing the cold is simpler still: there is no cure. The adage holds: with proper treatment a cold can be ended in seven days, but otherwise it lasts a week.

The paucity of verified knowledge about colds could never be deduced by anybody studying a typical cold season. Mere facts about the disease usually vanish into persisting clouds of folklore. The belief that dampness, chilliness and drafts cause colds, though debunked repeatedly in controlled experiments, is still widely held—and energetically perpetuated by parents in cautioning children. "Don't get your feet wet, you'll catch cold." Even though medical research has long since shown that neither antihistamines nor any other medication can change the course of a cold, Americans spend some $1 billion a year on untold thousands of over-the-counter cold products.

Then there are the folk remedies. These are also beyond numbering, but include traditional notables like hot toddy, hot lemonade, chicken broth, regional potions like the South's horehound and pine-needle tea, and ethnic preparations featuring ingredients like honey, garlic and cayenne. Faith is widespread in the anticold potency of herbs like eucalyptus, mullein leaves, bloodroot and red clover. California Herb Specialist Michael Tierra commends a concoction of honeysuckle, chrysanthemum and licorice.

Perhaps the most popular new folk remedy of modern times is ascorbic acid, a.k.a. vitamin C. Ever since Nobel-Prizewinning Chemist Linus Pauling popularized this remedy in the 1970 book *Vitamin C and the Common Cold*, many people have become convinced that big doses of ascorbic acid help ward off or ameliorate colds; controlled experiments, however, have failed to provide proof of the claim. Some folk remedies out of folklore (rub socks with onions, coat body with Vaseline) are hard to consider with a straight face, and a great many others irresistibly bring to mind Robert Benchley's personal anticold regimen: "Don't breathe through your nose or mouth."

It is easy to understand pre-Copernican beliefs in a flat earth and similarly easy to account for the accumulation of popular myths about the cold before the disease's viral nature became clear. But why do so many dubious beliefs persist in the face of new knowledge? The inertia of human prejudices is only part of the answer. An additional reason lies in the truth that a cold, typically, is far more than a mere medical event. Were it only that, the public would deal with the cold with far less conversation, far less drama, and the cold sufferer would never have become one of the cartoonist's regular stock of sympathetic (and pathetic) figures. The fact is that over the generations the cold has grown to be, along with all else, a theatrical event, a psychological event, a social event—all transactions that would be undermined if people laid aside myths and paid too close attention to scientific truth.

The common cold's theatricality is so obvious that one can classify the styles of cold suffering by labeling the roles that get played: the hero (who insists on coming to work), the martyr (who cannot afford not to come to work), the opportunist (who would not dream of staying away from work for less than a week). To specialists like Robert H. Waldman, chairman of the department of medicine at the West Virginia University School of Medicine, the cold as psychological event seems almost as clear. Waldman points out that the cold allows the typical adult to retreat from everyday pressures, adding: "If we did away with it—if we cured the common cold—we might well have to face an increase in hypertension, depression and related problems." Nobody who has either received or poured forth the human sympathy that a good cold provokes can fail to be convinced that one of the disease's fortunate aspects is entirely social.

Given the cost of colds, as well as the outright danger they represent when they attack somebody who is otherwise seriously ailing, the search for a way to prevent them must go on. But everybody should be forewarned that if the search ever succeeds the cold will be missed in more ways than one. —*By Frank Trippett*

Illustration for TIME by Arnie Levin

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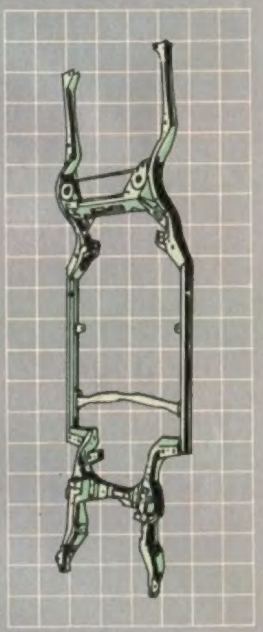

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With the rear seat down, LTD Country Squire wagon offers almost 90 cubic feet of cargo room and the same sort of luxurious touches found in LTD's top-of-the-line Crown Victoria.

Tripminder® computer.

The Tripminder® computer option, new to LTD, displays time, elapsed time, trip average speed, current fuel economy, trip average fuel economy, total fuel used and more, all at the touch of a finger.

Full-sized comfort.

LTD is still built with body-on-frame construction. This frame of steel forms a solid base for a fine automobile. Of course, your comfort is of prime interest, too.

LTD is still the quiet, comfortable automobile so many Americans want. It's a car with a proud tradition. Whether you buy or lease, see LTD at your Ford Dealer now.

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